



St. Marks Cathedral, Venice, Italy

# The Rotarian

ACHILLE BOSSI . . . . . *Italy Begins Again*

CHARLES MALIK . . . *What Are Human Rights?*

HOMER CROY . . . . . *What Grandpa Laughed At*

AUGUST . . . 1948

# Official Call to Rotary's 40th Convention

Photo: American Air Lines



AS ONE of my first official acts as President of Rotary International, I am very pleased to invite Rotarians throughout the world to attend Rotary's 1949 Convention, which will be held in New York City, U.S.A., June 12-16.

Home of the United Nations, New York is one of the largest and most cosmopolitan cities in the world. Its historic landmarks, churches, theaters, shops, museums, skyscrapers, ocean beaches, and parks have fascinated millions of visitors for more than a century.

For those who wish to combine a vacation trip with attendance at the Rotary Convention, there is a great variety of delightful vacation attractions in the Eastern part of the United States and Canada.

An outstanding program of challenging addresses and discussion forums—thrilling entertainment by world-famous musical organizations—a spectacular international pageant—these are some of the many attractions being planned for Rotary's 40th Annual Convention.

To augment Rotary's traditional "House of Friendship," which is always such a popular meeting place for Rotarians from all parts of the world, the Convention Committee is arranging a special "House of Friendship" for the many young people who will be coming to New York with their parents. Plans are being made for an exciting entertainment schedule which will have a strong appeal for the young people.

The New York Convention and Visitors

Bureau has assured us that good hotel accommodations will be made available for as many as 40,000 Rotarians and members of their families, so we are looking forward to a record-breaking attendance.

It is my very great pleasure to issue this Official Call for the 40th Annual Convention of Rotary International to be held in New York City June 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1949.

According to its membership, each Rotary Club is entitled to one or more official voting delegates. As a Rotarian is expected to attend Club meetings, so Clubs are expected to be represented at the Annual Convention. Article VI of the By-Laws of Rotary International gives full information as to the rights and responsibilities of a Club with reference to the Annual Convention.

Come to New York next June to meet your fellow Rotarians from the four corners of the world, to assist in planning Rotary's service activities for the coming year, and to enjoy the countless attractions of the "Wonder City."

*Angus S. Mitchell*

ANGUS S. MITCHELL  
President, Rotary International

ISSUED THIS FIRST DAY  
OF JULY, 1948, AT  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

## Talking It Over

LETTERS FROM  
READERS OF THE ROTARIAN

### 'Extremely . . . Most Important'

Says ALAN CRANSTON, Rotarian  
Realtor  
Los Altos, California

I want to congratulate you on the articles on world government [by Albert Einstein, W. T. Holliday, Clarence K. Streit, Sir Norman Angell] in THE ROTARIAN for June. These are extremely important articles on the most important subject of our time.

### That All May See

By J. F. FITZPATRICK, Rotarian  
Newspaper Publisher  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Thank you very much for the official certificate of proof of my hole-in-one at the Salt Lake Country Club. I intend to have a facsimile made to pass out to "doubting Thomases."

EDS. NOTE: Rotarian Fitzpatrick refers to the engraved certificate sent to Rotarians whose luck qualifies them for THE ROTARIAN'S Hole-in-One Club.

### Thrilled by WHO

Says ARTHUR SCHWARTZ  
President, The Commercial Bar  
New York, New York

I read with a great deal of interest the article *Cholera Stopped in Its Tracks*, by Dr. Aly Twefik Shousha, Pasha [THE ROTARIAN for May], and was thrilled to note the splendid work that is being done by the World Health Organization.

The writer of the article didn't mention the fact that for some inexplicable reason the United States is not a member of WHO. I understand that there is no objection on the part of the American Medical Association or any other organization, but nevertheless the bill which would provide for U. S. participation was tabled in the Senatorial committee.

### 'Garcia Message . . . Powerful'

Believes E. A. ROBERTS, Rotarian  
Municipal Government  
Carlsbad, New Mexico

I read Kenneth Dirlam's *That Message to Garcia* in THE ROTARIAN for April and then Rotarian A. L. Johnson's letter of comment in the June issue.

I had an instructor in the New Mexico Military Institute in 1909-1912, Major J. Ross Thomas, who made every boy in his classes read *The Message to Garcia*. . . I made my two boys read this *Message* as soon as they learned to read and often as they grew older. One of them is an executive in a big company. . . The other came up from private in the rear rank in the last war to first lieutenant with a Bronze Star, a Purple Heart, and a Presidential Citation (unit). I think, and will never believe otherwise, that Captain Rowan's heroic example as written up by Elbert Hubbard had a tremendous part in their success—and was just as instrumental

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in the efforts to make good in millions of other instances. To my mind *The Message to Garcia* is the most powerful article ever written. If it could be more widely read and its principles applied this would be a better world.

### Retirement Meant Opportunity

Notes J. RUSSELL PORTER, Rotarian  
Potash Distributor  
Atlanta, Georgia

Samuel Churchill's article in *THE ROTARIAN* for May told of the remarkable achievement of Roscoe Sheller, the "Sunnyside sidewalk man." Roscoe Sheller's retirement, because of ill health, meant for him new opportunity to serve his community and make it a better place in which to live.

Rotarians everywhere may be proud of their fellow member and profit by his example, for "He Profits Most Who Serves Best."

### In Defense of Crows

By ROBERT SPARKS WALKER  
Naturalist and Author  
Chattanooga, Tennessee

[Re: *Kill That Crow!*, by Ben East, *THE ROTARIAN* for April.]

The first 20 years of my life were spent on the farm cultivating corn, wheat, watermelons, and other farm crops. We had for our neighbors a band of crows the year round.

Every Spring the crows pulled up a few young corn plants, which our neighbors said were removed by the crow while searching for cutworms about the roots. Whatever the purpose of the crow in so doing, the damage done was insignificant and no attention was paid to this misdeed of our feathered neighbors. The crows plucked a few watermelons every Summer, but the amount of damage done was nothing compared to the damage wrought by mischievous boys. We did not take a gun and go after the boys, neither did we undertake to kill the crows.

A laborer is worthy of his hire, and we knew that the crow was saving our corn crop from destruction by catching thousands of hungry grasshoppers, cutworms, rough-headed corn beetles, and other of the larger insects that prey upon corn. . . .

As for the charges made by Mr. East against the crow, most of them are highly exaggerated. For example, if the crows ever destroyed rabbits, young domestic fowl, quails, and the nests of other birds, we never observed them.

We have foolishly many times in the past destroyed the lives of some species of our birds, only later to wake up to find that instead of improving on the balance provided by the Creator in Nature, we, in our error, have created a dangerous situation. For example, as far back as the year 1885, the Pennsylvania Legislature authorized various counties to offer bounties of 50 cents in cash for each hawk killed. This included the owls. It was not long until about \$100,000 had been paid out for the scalps of these birds. In less than two years, however, rats, mice, and destructive insects had increased by the millions and losses of farm crops rose to more than 2 million dollars. The

### Crow Complaint

The Washington Biological Survey has changed the wording on the metal bands used to ring birds released in connection with its researches into American bird life. It now reads: "Notify Fish and Wild Life Services, Washington, D. C."

The old inscription was the abbreviated "Wash. Biol. Surv.," and the change was made after a disappointed farmer sent in a complaint to the United States Government:

"Dear Sirs," he wrote. "I shot one of your pet crows the other day and followed instructions attached to it. I washed it, and biled it, and served it. It was terrible. You should stop trying to fool the people with things like this."

—Mrs. Tom Dean  
Jacksonville, Texas



farmers were quickly at work petitioning the State Legislature to repeal the act and place owls and hawks on the protected list. They had destroyed the balance in Nature. . . .

### Verse Follow-up

From T. MCE. VICKERS, Rotarian  
Credit Management  
Syracuse, New York

The following letter from Sydney Beech, a member of the Rotary Club of Thornton-Cleveleys, England, refers to an *Opinion* item of mine in *THE ROTARIAN* for April:

I see you have a reference to what you call "an old verse." You may perhaps be interested to know that this verse was written by an English local preacher named Hickson somewhere about the mid-19th Century. It was written in the following form:

Not on this land alone  
But be God's mercies known  
From shore to shore.  
Lord, make the nations see  
That men should brothers be  
And form one family  
The wide world o'er.

In June, 1946, it was introduced into our British national anthem by order of the King as a substitute for the following verse (it had, of course, been specially written by Hickson for this purpose):

O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter his enemies  
And make them fall!  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;  
On Thee our hopes we fix—  
God save us all.

You are indeed in the right track when you state that the only true salvation of the world will come through such a brotherhood of man as Rotary can inspire. I am but a young Rotarian—but two years have taught me that this great world cause of ours is much more likely to secure a lasting peace than any number of meaningless charters and blocs such as have been so easily cast aside in the past. . . .

### Another Amerind in Rotary

Notes MRS. JOHN C. WOODWORTH  
Wife of Rotary Club Secretary  
Pendleton, Oregon

In a letter in *Talking It Over* in *THE ROTARIAN* for February, Mrs. Grace Hostet, of Blackfoot, Idaho, claims that Thomas K. Cosgrove, a Bannock-Shoshone Indian of the Fort Hall Indian Reservation in Idaho "is believed to be the only American Indian Rotarian."



thus giving the Blackfoot Club a unique distinction." The Pendleton Rotary Club can boast of a full-blooded Indian, Henry Roe Cloud [see cut], who has been an active member since 1939, and who was a member of the Rotary Club of Wichita, Kansas, for many years before coming to Pendleton.

Dr. Roe Cloud, who is superintendent of the Umatilla Indian Reservation near Pendleton, was born in a Winnebago wigwam some 60 years ago. He was the first Indian to graduate from Yale (1910) and his first work after graduation was lobbying in Washington, D. C., for the Apaches. His work was successful and the Apaches were freed, and each of the younger Indians was granted 160 acres of land by Congress. Later, in 1915, he founded a school for Indians at Wichita, Kansas, where he made his home for many years. This school was called the American Indian Institute, and its purpose was to foster education among Indians which would develop character, to promote health and healthful living, to train native Christian leadership, to improve and stabilize the Indian home, and to promote understanding and cooperation between the Indians and the white people.

When a wider call to service to the people of his race came in 1930, he turned over to the Presbyterian Mission Board a going institution that had enabled hundreds of Indian youths to obtain a worth-while education, while at the same time they had been enabled to make their own way financially.

In 1931 Dr. Roe Cloud accepted an appointment as special representative of the United States Indian Service, and from 1933 to 1936 was superintendent of Haskell Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas. In 1916 he married Elizabeth Bender, a Chippewa Indian maiden. She is the sister of Chief Bender, the famous baseball pitcher.

ENS. NOTE: Dr. Roe Cloud was a contributor to the debate-of-the-month for May, 1938: Shall the Indian Be Kept Indian?



Winnebago-wigwam born: Henry Roe Cloud, Rotarian of Pendleton, Oreg.

AUGUST, 1948



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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## Club Fellowship

### *A Little Lesson in Rotary*

THE fellowship motive is the outstanding consideration which impels men to accept membership in Rotary.

A certain amount of it may come naturally, but promoting it helps. Here are but a few ideas which have been used successfully by Clubs in stimulating fellowship:

One Club has eliminated the necessity of a parking-space hunt by the guest speaker and visiting Rotarians by prominently marking and reserving for them stalls near the meeting place.

New members in some Clubs get acquainted by handing out the meeting badges. Other Clubs assure a thorough mixing of members by using the badges as place cards.

One Club uses differently colored tickets for those at its meetings. Yellow pasteboards are for members, white for visiting Rotarians, blue for non-Rotarian guests, and red for new members. The tickets are left at the places until the end of the meeting.

A number of Clubs stimulate fellowship by holding fireside meetings at the homes of members at regular intervals throughout the year.

Attendance contests—within the Club and with near-by Clubs—are effective fellowship stimulators.

A plan which some Clubs use is to have the President meet with the officers and Committeemen the day before the regular meeting, to plan the agenda, and see that everything runs smoothly.

So that all members—new and old—can revive memories as to who has served the Club as President in the past, the Past Presidents of some Clubs are seated at the speaker's table periodically, and properly introduced.

There are many ways of introducing guests, but perhaps one of the most effective is the plan of having someone carry a portable microphone around the room so that the guests can identify themselves at the proper time.

Since good singing and good fellowship go hand in hand, some Clubs have the same song leader every week. Others shift that responsibility.

In order to "loosen up" meetings, some groups have an older member start out by giving a short talk on his life or some other assigned topic. Extemporaneous talks by newer members are thus easily inspired.

Fellowship should be kept on a dignified plane, without being too stilted, stiff, or formal.

One way for a Rotary Club to establish a reputation for being a friendly Club is for members to greet all visitors and strangers, introduce them around, and make them feel at home.

*If you want further opportunity to "read Rotary" in Spanish, you will find it in REVISTA ROTARIA, Rotary's magazine published in that language. A one-year subscription in the Americas is \$2.*

EL incentivo del compañerismo es la razón principal que induce a ingresar en Rotary.

En cierto grado puede resultar natural, pero ayuda fomentarlo. Las siguientes son unas cuantas de las ideas a que se ha recurrido con éxito en los clubes para estimular el compañerismo:

Un club eliminó la necesidad, para el orador del día y para los rotarios visitantes, de buscar lugar donde estacionar sus automóviles marcando muy visiblemente sitios reservados con tal objeto cerca del lugar de reunión.

Los socios nuevos se hacen conocer de los antiguos encargándose de distribuir los distintivos en las reuniones. Otros clubes se aseguran de que se mezclen entre sí los socios utilizando los distintivos para indicar los lugares que en la mesa les corresponden.

Un club recurre a tarjetas de distintos colores. Las amarillas son para los socios del club, las blancas para rotarios visitantes, las azules para invitados no rotarios y las rojas para socios nuevos. Estas tarjetas quedan colocadas en los lugares respectivos hasta que termina la reunión.

Muchos clubes fomentan el compañerismo mediante reuniones periódicas en los hogares de los socios.

Los concursos de asistencia—en el club y con clubes vecinos—son medios eficaces de estimular el compañerismo.

Algunos clubes recurren a reunir al presidente con los funcionarios y miembros de los comités el día anterior al de la reunión ordinaria, con objeto de formular el programa y cuidar de que todo se desarrolle en debida forma.

Para que todos los socios—nuevos y antiguos—puedan refrescar su recuerdo acerca de quiénes han sido presidentes del club, en algunos clubes se acostumbra sentar a la mesa presidencial, periódicamente, a los ex presidentes y presentarlos en forma adecuada.

Existen múltiples maneras de presentar a los invitados, pero quizá la más eficaz es que alguien lleve un micrófono portátil por el salón con el fin de que los invitados puedan presentarse a su debido tiempo.

El canto colectivo y el buen compañerismo corren parejas. Algunos clubes tienen el mismo director de cantos todas las semanas. Otros los alternan.

Para hacer cordiales las reuniones en algunos clubes inicia el programa un socio antiguo con una charla breve sobre su vida o sobre algún otro tema que se le asigne. Así se induce fácilmente a los socios nuevos a hablar en forma improvisada.

El compañerismo ha de mantenerse en un plano de seriedad, pero sin estiramientos ni demasiada formalidad.

Uno de los medios para que el Rotary club gane fama de acogedor es que sus socios saluden a todos los visitantes y extraños, los presenten y hagan que se sienten en casa.



■ DR. CHARLES MALIK, a former professor of philosophy at the American University in Beirut, who left his post three years ago to become the first Minister of Lebanon to the United States, is the recently elected President of the United Nations Economic and Social Council. He helped write the United Nations Charter at San Francisco.



■ ROBERT J. C. STEAD is a former publicity director for the Canadian Government and a Past President of the Rotary Club of Ottawa, Ontario. He has authored eight novels, three volumes of poetry, and many articles and short stories. His career began when at 18 he established a country newspaper—which is still going strong.



■ HOMER CROY is a novelist with a sometimes "zany" sense of humor. A glance at his "wanted" portrait, just as he submitted it, proves that. His fame as the first student of the first school of journalism in the world—at the University of Missouri—is eclipsed by numerous books and magazine articles that bear his byline.

The photograph for this month's cover was taken by ARDEAN MILLER III (from F.P.G.).

# In This Issue

VOLUME LXXIII AUGUST, 1948 NUMBER 2



East-West? The Twain Do Meet! . . .	Lucius C. Porter . . .	6
Dining Out . . .	Frontispiece . . .	7
What Are Human Rights? . . .	Charles Malik . . .	8
International Declaration on		
Human Rights . . .		11
What Grandpa Laughed At . . .	Homer Croy . . .	12
People Who Work for Me . . .	Robert J. C. Stead . . .	14
Italy Begins Again . . .	Achille Bossi . . .	17
Men against the River . . .		22
Report on Chatham . . .	Karl K. Krueger . . .	24
Wife Eyes Husband and Vice-Versa! (debate)		
He's a Darling, but— . . .	Marion Ryan Minard . . .	28
I'm a Reluctant Gladiator . . .	Gelett Burgess . . .	29
Rotarians in the News . . .		31
English Schoolboys Learn by Doing . . .	R. C. Capes and R. S. Davies . . .	32
What 10,000 Boys Have Taught Me . . .	Harold F. Strong . . .	34
Typical Views of a Typical Rotary-		
Sponsored Pet Show . . .		37
General Organization Rotary		
International . . .		38
Busy Men with Work to Do . . .		39
This Rotary Month . . .		40
Speaking of Books— . . .	John T. Frederick . . .	41
Peeps at Things to Come . . .	Hilton Ira Jones . . .	43
Tim-ber! . . .	The Scratchpad Man . . .	44
Other Features and Departments:		
Talking It Over . . .	1	Foundation Fund Passes
Club Fellowship . . .	4	\$1,275,000 . . .
These Three Didn't Forget! . . .	16	Prof. Clubdubb . . .
Looking Back 25 Years . . .	36	Odd Shots . . .
Rotary Reporter . . .	46	Prayer in Time of Peace . . .
Scratchpaddings . . .	50	Hobby Hitching Post . . .
Opinion . . .	54	Stripped Gears . . .
The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub . . .	54	Last Page Comment . . .
		64

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## Guest Editorial

# East—West? The Twain Do Meet!

KIPLING, YOU LEARN HERE, NEVER SAID THEY WOULDN'T.  
THE FACT IS, HE, LIKE ROTARY, SOUGHT TO UNITE MEN.

By Lucius C. Porter

Educator; Rotarian, Peiping, China

*But there is neither East nor West,  
border, nor breed, nor birth  
When two strong men stand face to  
face, tho' they come from the ends of  
the earth!*

THESE LINES express in striking phrase the essential spirit of Rudyard Kipling's *Ballad of East and West*. In vivid verse that poem gives the story of how Kamal, the Afghan chieftain, and the English colonel's son discovered each other's manhood.

Kamal had crept into the camp and stolen the colonel's mare. The English lad discovered the theft and gave chase. You feel the beat of hoofs as the pursuit swings up into the desolate wilds of the chieftain's hills. Regardless of danger, the English youth follows until his horse falls. Kamal might at any time have signalled to his men, hidden behind rock or thornbush, to shoot his pursuer. Instead he admires the lad's dauntless courage even when dismounted. The two face each other.

*They have looked each other between  
the eyes, and there they found no  
fault.*

*They have taken the Oath of the Brother-  
in-Blood on leavened bread and  
salt:*

*They have taken the Oath of the Brother-  
in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod.  
On the hilt and haft of the Khyber  
knife and the Wondrous Names of  
God.*

Here you have understanding between men of the East and of the West. You have the desire to learn from each other. You have the intimacy of brotherhood.

And yet, in place of all this wealth of insight into human kinship, another line from this poem has been singled out and widely quoted to

deny the very possibility of overcoming differences. You know it. *Oh, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.*

This terrible misquotation, this vicious misrepresentation of truth, ripped out of its setting, has spread into the speech of our contemporary world, carrying to wide circles its poisonous falsehood. Who can say how much of the narrow prejudice so violently active in the world today is due to tacit acceptance of the idea that "never the twain shall meet"? It is this prejudice and bias that underlie conflicts between races, nations, classes, and parties.

Kipling never put a full stop after the word "meet," but a comma. The thought runs on to stress the separation of East and West in space and geography, and the intimate closeness and brotherhood of human relations:

*Till earth and sky stand presently at  
God's great judgment seat;  
But there is neither East nor West,  
border, nor breed, nor birth  
When two strong men stand face to  
face, tho' they come from the ends of  
the earth!*

Now these lines that introduce and close Kipling's poem give a ringing expression of our Rotary ideal. We believe in a common human nature. We strive for the obliteration of all artificial barriers between men. We are a world-wide brotherhood. We can exert influence to spread the message of mutual respect and goodwill among men. Let us proclaim that there is "neither East nor West." Let us join in trying to bury forever the misquotation and untruth that the two do not and cannot meet.

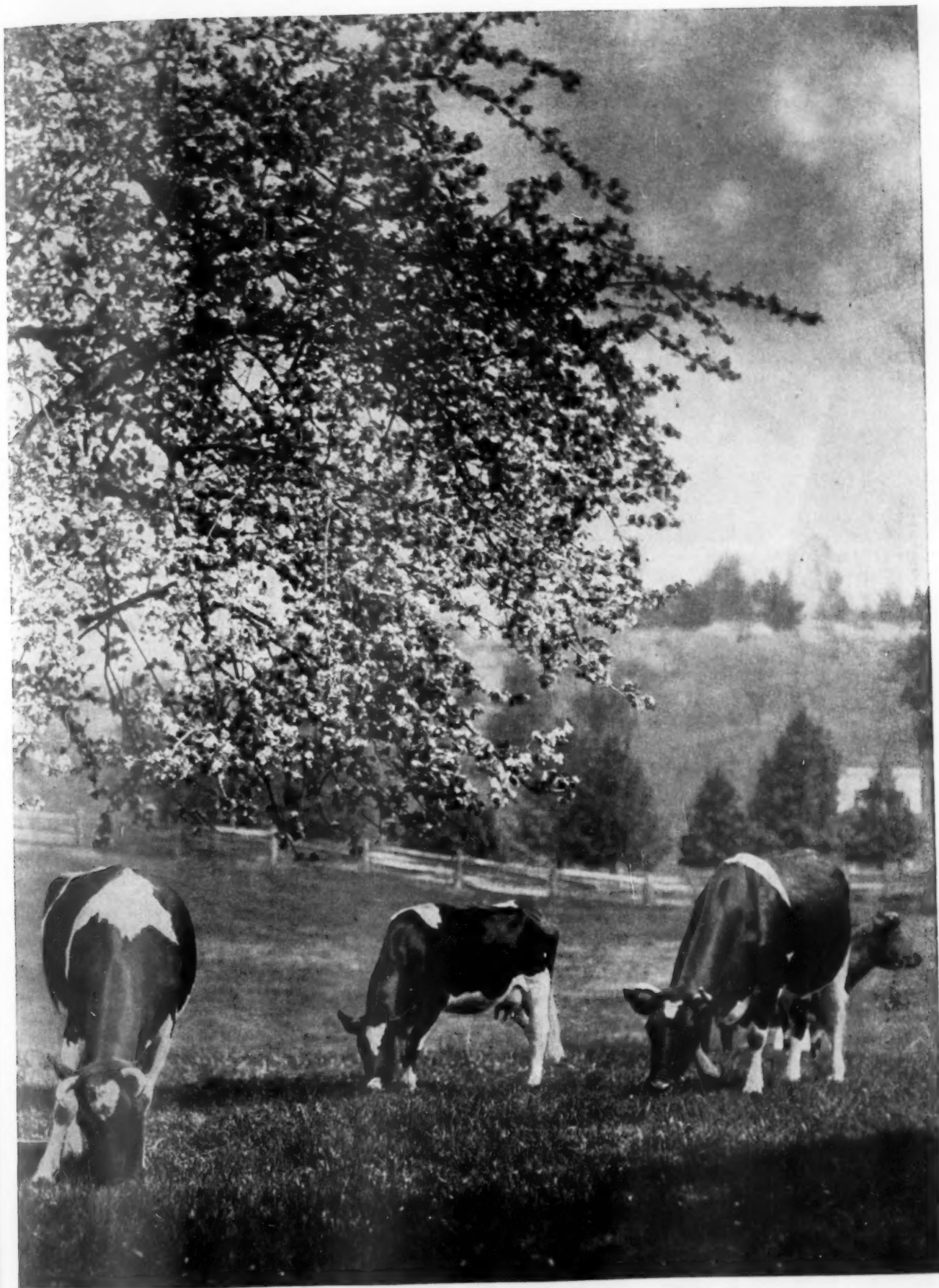
But it is not enough to proclaim the truth. We need to live out our relationships.

As we work toward mutual re-

spect through acquaintance in man-to-man relations, so, also, group relations must be adjusted through acquaintance. And likewise the relationships of the still larger forms of group life that are called civilizations. The historian Arnold Toynbee believes that the most significant events in the human record have been the "encounters of civilizations." He lists five still living civilizations of which three—the Islamic, Hindu, and Far Eastern—are Asiatic or Eastern. To him the most significant event of the 20th Century is not to be found in the superficial events that fill our headlines, not even in the world war recently ended. The great event is, rather, the impact of Western civilization on all the other living human societies of today and the counter-radiation of these upon that Western type.

THIS meeting of East and West may result, says Toynbee, in a new life for mankind, the unification of mankind into a single society. If Toynbee is right, we, the persons alive today, can help or hinder these first steps toward a united humanity. As we meet each other, conscious of our destiny and honoring the "other fellow," we can overcome in ourselves the prejudices of border, of breed, and of birth. We can help root out private and parochial selfishness from our own affairs, and so from the greater human affairs. We can strive to follow Confucius, who taught "All within the Four Seas are brothers." We can begin to obey Jesus' commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Living and striving thus, there will be for us, and eventually for all men, "Neither East nor West."





## Dining Out

AUGUST, 1948

# What Are Human Rights?

STATESMEN AT LAKE SUCCESS HAVE PONDERED THAT QUESTION AND NOW OFFER THEIR ANSWER.

## Dr. Charles Malik

*Lebanese Statesman; Rapporteur for Commission on Human Rights; President of the U. N. Economic and Social Council.*

THE first step in one of the most important tasks the United Nations has undertaken has been completed. It is the drafting of a Declaration on Human Rights. Its Preamble and 28 Articles may eventuate into mankind's greatest human document, for it seeks to expand as well as to make secure the rights of man.

This urge in mankind is neither new nor novel. The Babylonians, nearly 4,000 years ago, had their Code of Hammurabi, which established freedom within that law. Later the Greeks and the Romans contributed patterns for human conduct exemplified in the Justinian Code. Then after a few centuries, in A.D. 1215, England promulgated new liberties in the Magna Carta and toward the end of the 17th Century expanded them in the Bill of Rights. France contributed the Napoleonic Code to the world and the "unalienable rights" of man, eloquently charted in the Declaration of Independence of the United States, gave new hope to people everywhere.

It is only since the advent of the 20th Century, however, that the peoples of the world really began to act and think collectively, perhaps as a result of cataclysmic wars, and to look beyond national or regional frontiers and take stock of their collective well-being. The League of Nations Covenant marked a beginning, followed by the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations Charter, which fathered the present Commission on Human Rights.

Negotiations in the United Nations, by which international agreements are forged, are at best complicated processes. Yet it would seem to be not too difficult to reach

agreement upon matters of non-political or moral nature, such as human rights. But it took 18 months of debate and nearly 100 meetings to bring forth this draft.

It probably covers a wider range of human activity than any other similar document in history. Beginning Article 1 with the declaration that "all human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights . . ." it proceeds with several Articles generally resembling the guaranties contained in the United States Constitution. Among them are the right to life and liberty, freedom from arbitrary arrest and involuntary servitude, the right to own property, the freedom of thought, conscience, and religion.

Other Articles deal with economic, social, and cultural rights, including the right to work and protection from unemployment; the right to an adequate standard of living, including food, clothing, housing, medical care, and provisions against sickness, disability, and old age; the right to an education, to rest, and to leisure; and the right to participate in the cultural life of the community.

The meeting of the Commission on Human Rights, ably presided over by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, were devoted for the most part to the detailed considerations of human rights drawn from national constitutions, from national institutes, and from texts furnished by certain delegations. The final draft that emerged will be submitted to the Economic and Social Council, then to the United Nations General Assembly, meeting at Paris in September, before it can become a part of the final Covenant on Human Rights, or specific law, which nations may incorporate in their own legislation.



At work on Human Rights Declaration: (China)

This intricate, lengthy process of consideration and reconsideration, of submission and resubmission by one Principal Organ of the United Nations to another is inviolable because the principle of the sovereign equality of States, large and small, is enshrined in the Charter of San Francisco. Moreover, the 58 sovereign States in the United Nations have a bewildering variety of cultures, histories, racial origins, religions, systems of government, and legal practices.

It was in such a setting that the Commission on Human Rights went to work on its task as outlined in the Preamble of the U. N. Charter. This, it will be recalled, declared that "We the peoples of the United Nations" are determined, first, "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war" and, secondly, "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small." Only the question of war precedes the mandate to declare human rights.

Supplying content and meaning for the phrase "the dignity and worth of the human person" quite naturally brought into relief the differences in ideologies of the







tion: (China), Laugier (U.N. officer), Chairman Roosevelt (U.S.A.), Committee Secretary Humphrey, Rapporteur Malik (Lebanon), Koretsky (U.S.S.R.).

nations represented. For this is an age of ideologies, of passionate fundamental beliefs about the nature of things, and especially the nature of man and of society. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no fundamental question shaking the world to its depths today which was not somehow, directly or indirectly, reflected in the deliberations and decisions of the Commission on Human Rights. Agreement had to be reached on four basic issues concerning the nature of man.

The first is whether man is simply an animal, so that his rights are just those of an animal. All those who stress the elemental economic rights and needs of man are for the most part impressed by his sheer animal existence. This is materialism, whatever else it may be called. Materialism is a popular philosophy of our times, making it difficult to champion the cause of the spirit and mind of man; and to impress on the international community the point that even after man is fully secure in his so-called "economic rights" he may still be not-man. But unless man's proper nature, unless his mind and spirit are brought out, set apart, protected, and promoted, the struggle for human rights is a sham and a mockery.

The second question is to determine the place of the individual human person in modern society. This is the great problem of personal freedom. How is my personal freedom limited by society? May I freely examine any issue, may I criticize, may I express my criticism, may I rebel and oppose and say *No!* to my group or government or nation? Or am I wholly determined by my social relations so that I have no right to rebel, no right to ask questions, no right to look around and seek, no right to lift my head above the crowd and reach forth to the light and truth?

In this age of spreading socialism it is difficult to champion the cause of freedom; it is difficult to shout from the housetops that man cannot be absorbed by society, that he is by nature free to think, free to choose, free to rebel against his own society, or indeed against the whole world, if it is in the wrong. But unless we succeed in preserving and promoting man's inalienable freedom, we shall have traded away his dignity, and we shall have destroyed his worth.

The third fundamental question raised is the relationship between man and the State, between the individual and law. This is the

great problem of statism. The question here is not whether man ought to obey the law, or whether he ought to be subject to his State. The question rather is this: Which is more ultimate, which is prior to the other, which is for the sake of the other—the individual human person or the State?

And as regards the law, the question is whether it is arbitrary, accidental, imposed on me by force, coming from the outside, merely pragmatic, ungrounded, and blind; or whether it is grounded in the nature of things and above all in my own rational nature, so that it is the best external guaranty for the development of my freedom.

In this age of advancing governmental control, of national consciousness and sovereignty, it is difficult to convince man that he is not meant to be the slave of his Government; it is difficult to establish in his mind the right scale of values whereby he can see clearly that the State exists ultimately for his sake and in his service and not conversely. But unless we reject the total subordination of man to the State; unless, that is, we succeed not only in limiting the claims of the State on man, but also in ensuring the State's recognition of his

claims on it, the battle for the fundamental rights and freedoms will have been virtually lost.

The fourth ultimate issue is the question of man's ultimate loyalties. Does man have by nature other loyalties than his loyalty to the State?

Is his loyalty to the State all-embracing, absolute, unconditional, intolerant of every other loyalty and attachment? Or is he allowed to develop loyalties at least side by side with his loyalty to the State? Is it in harmony with his natural rights as a man to allow the State to determine for him all his beliefs and ideas and even hopes, all the material basis of his existence, all the patterns of his life?

WHAT about the family, the church, the intimate circle of friends, the independent pursuit of science and truth, the sustaining folk songs and folkways which are utterly independent in their origin of any Government and any State? What about this whole *plenum* of intermediate institutions spanning the entire chasm between the individual and the State?

We speak of fundamental freedoms and of human rights; but, actually, where and when are we really free and human? Is it in the street, is it in our direct relations to our State? Is it not rather the case that we enjoy our deepest and truest freedom and humanity in our family, in the church, in our intimate circle of friends, when we are immersed in the joyful ways of life of our own people, when we seek, find, see, and acknowledge the truth?

These intermediate institutions between the State and the individual are, I am convinced, the real sources of our freedom and our rights. The tragedy of the modern world is that these real grounds of freedom are in danger of decay. The family is subject to terrible strains, the church is on the defensive, modern man has no friends, truth has become a matter of pragmatic convenience. But unless the proposed Bill of Rights can create conditions which will allow man to develop ultimate loyalties with respect to these intermediate sources of freedom, over and above his loy-

alty to the State, we shall have legislated not for man's freedom but for his virtual enslavement.

Thus, to recapitulate, the Commission faced and wrestled with these four basic issues: (1) the nature of man; (2) the place of the individual in society; (3) the relation of man and State; (4) man's ultimate loyalties. It is, I believe, noteworthy as grounds for great hope that by majority vote we should have been able to agree on conclusions now stated in the draft Declaration on Human Rights. It is a document which should be read with profound thought by all who envisage the reign of a just peace on this earth.

The need is above everything else for courageous and sustained moral leadership. It is for some one nation so to put its own house in order and so to be fired by a genuine sense of mission as to have its words on fundamental human rights ring with authority.

There is everything in the background and fundamental outlook of certain nations to entitle them to take a bold lead concerning the ultimate emancipation of man; and yet such a lead has not always been forthcoming. Fatigued by the stupendous exertions of the war; preoccupied with self-interest and sheer politics; distracted by the sheer multiplicity and pressure of events in this rapidly shrinking world; undermined by friction and disorder from within; blunted by the prevalent international fear and suspicion: some nations royally destined in themselves to sound the clarion call, present yet an unconvincing and faltering style.

Nor do the ordinary processes of the emergence of responsible leadership in the democratic world seem to be tossing up at present leaders of the requisite moral stature. By the time a man reaches the top he has usually expended his soul in compromise and appeasement. The result of all this is divided and enfeebled counsel.

The Commission has endeavored to fulfill the expectations of the Charter. But something has happened in the international situation which has somehow weakened the original hold of the Charter on the member nations.

One must face this tragic fact in all honesty. The distressing impression is often gained that really only lip service is paid the cause of human rights. It is as though the provisions of the Charter on this question were not meant seriously. Despite the solemn enshrinement of human rights as one of the fundamental reasons for the existence of the United Nations itself, despite the fact that the member nations, by signing the Charter, are legally bound to all its provisions including the promotion and observance of human rights and consequently and necessarily their precise definition, I have observed a certain degree of inordinate caution, nay perhaps even of cynicism, with regard to the carrying out of the mandate. It is as though the real will to achieve and ensure human rights were lacking.

We need endless rational debate and discussion; we need the bracing touch of moral leadership; but without the real political will to discover and promulgate and enforce these rights, debate and leadership will avail nothing. The will is the agency of realization. A man may know all the truth and may know it even with passion, but unless he also wills it, it is not likely to pass into actuality.

BUT if peoples are patient with one another in full debate until agreement is reached, or at least until the issues have become perfectly clear; if nations are granted the boon of a vigorous, understanding, and moral leadership; if the genuine will to achieve human rights is restored and enhanced; if the nations which signed the Charter and are therefore legally and morally bound by it are willing not to retreat from but to advance beyond its terms; if in this advance necessary safeguards are introduced against the excesses of materialism, nationalism, and statism in favor of the real freedom and dignity of man; and if the intermediate soil of freedom is watered with care and protection and love: if we are wise enough, and courageous enough, and true enough, and free enough to do all this, then, I am confident, the dawn of a new day will come upon us.

# International Declaration on Human Rights

*As drafted by the Commission for consideration by U.N. Assembly.*

## PREAMBLE

WHEREAS recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice, and peace in the world, and

WHEREAS disregard and contempt for human rights resulted, before and during the Second World War, in barbarous acts which outraged the conscience of mankind and made it apparent that the fundamental freedoms were one of the supreme issues of the conflict, and

WHEREAS it is essential, if mankind is not to be compelled as a last resort to rebel against tyranny and oppression, that human rights should be protected by a regime of law, and

WHEREAS the peoples of the United Nations have in the Charter determined to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights and in the dignity and worth of the human person and to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom; and

WHEREAS Member States have pledged themselves to achieve, in co-operation with the Organization, the promotion of universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms; and

WHEREAS a common understanding of these rights and freedoms is of the greatest importance for the full realization of this pledge,

Now therefore the General Assembly

PROCLAIMS this Declaration on Human Rights as a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations, to the end that every individual and every organ of society, keeping this Declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote respect for these rights and freedoms and by progres-

sive measures, national and international, to secure their universal and effective recognition and observance, both among the population of Member States themselves and among the population of territories under their jurisdiction.

## Article 1

All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed by Nature with reason and conscience, and should act toward one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

## Article 2

Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, property or other status, or national or social origin.

## Article 3

Everyone has the right to life, liberty, and security of person.

## Article 4

1. No one shall be held in slavery or involuntary servitude.

2. No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman, or degrading treatment or punishment.

## Article 5

Everyone has the right to recognition, everywhere, as a person before the law.

## Article 6

All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law against any discrimination in violation of this Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination.

## Article 7

No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest or detention.

## Article 8

In the determination of his rights

*[Continued on page 58]*







# WHAT GRANDPA

JOKES THAT DOUBLED HIM UP ARE STILL GOOD FOR A HEARTY LAUGH—WHEN ADAPTED FOR TODAY'S LIVING.

GRANDPA liked to laugh at what he called a "greenhorn." Grandpa was green himself, so he wanted to laugh at somebody who was a little greener, which is natural. Here's an example of the greenhorn joke that so fascinated Grandpa:

One day a stranger came upon a man engaged in a desperate struggle with a bear. What astonished the newcomer most of all was a woman (evidently the man's wife) standing by with a rifle in the crook of her arm, as calm and unperturbed as Annie Oakley, smoking a corncob pipe.

The newcomer rushed up to the woman and cried, "Don't you see what's happening? Why don't you shoot the beast?"

The woman took the pipe out of her mouth, surveyed the excited stranger, and said, "I'm aimin' to do just that, but I want to see if the bear won't save me the trouble."

Grandpa thought that was just mighty good—and so have a host of radio comedians who have brought it up to date and passed it along.

Another example of the blessed greenhorn who was so obliging about making comical mistakes:

One day he saw a man propped up on the porch of a village store. It was evident this man had just had a bout with what Grandpa called "Demon Rum." The stranger sought to reprove him by saying, "Don't you know what you have been doing is bad for your constitution? You can't live long if you pursue the course you have evidently been following."

The man straightened up, his pride touched. "Stranger, I ain't

so young as you might think. It so happens I am 92 years old."

The greenhorn was surprised, but sought to cover himself by saying, "Well, then, you won't be around here much longer."

"That's true," said the drunken man, "that's true. I was figurin' a few minutes ago, as I was layin' here, how I'd sell out and move



West, where a deservin' man's got a chance."

Always there was the quashing of the outsider who tried to look down on people. I suppose the psychologists would say it was some kind of inferiority complex, but whatever it was, Grandpa liked it. An Easterner arrived in a small town and, walking up and down the main street, was much intrigued by the "quaint" people he saw. An Indian had come in from a reservation and was lolling in the sun. The Easterner inspected him thoroughly. Finally he said to the Indian, "You don't seem to be doing anything. Why don't you get yourself a job?"

The Indian thought this over solemnly. "Why get um job?"

"Why, so you can earn money!"

The Indian thought this over,

at last asking, "Why earn money?"

"So you can have a lot of money," said the other exasperatedly. "When you get enough of it, you can retire and not have to work any more."

The Indian thought this over, too, finally saying, "Me no work now."

"Dudes" especially caught it. Nothing amused Grandpa so much as some fancy-rigged, high-stepping person who thought himself superior, and then got his comeuppance.

A very sophisticated city man walking in the country was bitten by a rattlesnake. He telephoned to a doctor.

"Get in to see me as quickly as you can," said the doctor. "Put your foot in a bucket of kerosene and have the farmer drive as fast as he can."

And this the dude did.

At last the team came whirling down the street and dashed up before the doctor's office. The man got out of the buggy and

Illustrations by  
Gerhardt-Hurt



hobbled slowly through the door into the doctor's office.

"Well," said the doctor, "tell me about it. Show me the place where you were bitten."

The dude held out his hand. "Here it is," he said. "He got me in the web of my hand."

Grandpa shore liked that 'un.

# LAUGHED AT

By Homer Croy



There was no "snapper" on the end, such as now dresses up a joke. There didn't have to be. The situation was so amusing it didn't need a whiplash to make it crack.

A hunter, with his fancy shootin' gun, came to a backwoods community where he saw a boy throwing stones.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Ma sent me out to get us some squirrel meat," the lanky lad answered.

"Why," said the hunter, "squirrels stay in the tops of trees and are hard to get. I came out to hunt squirrels myself, but I have a rifle, as you can see. You don't even have a gun. How can you expect to get squirrels?"

"I guess I can manage," said the boy. With that he picked up a rock, hauled loose, and sent it zinging up into the tree. In a moment a squirrel tumbled down.

"Maybe that was an accident," said the man. "Can you do that again?"

"Likely can." Again the boy picked up a rock and sent it sailing into the top of a tree and down came a squirrel.

The man gaped with astonishment. "Let me ask you a question. I see you throw with your left hand. Are you lefthanded?"

"Righthanded. Always been righthanded."

"Then," pursued the city man,

"if you are righthanded, it would seem natural to throw with your right hand, wouldn't it?"

"Dasn't," said the boy. "I throw so hard with my right hand I bruise the squirrels all up. Ma don't like 'em bruised so I have to bring 'em home the way she wants 'em. Slows me up in my huntin', but I got to please Ma."

Shyster lawyers! Grandpa liked to see them get it—as Grandpa would have said it—in the neck. Example:

A farmer was caught in town one day and had to hire a livery horse to get out home. The next day he tied the horse on behind the cart to return the animal to



the stable. However, the horse died on the way and the owner of the livery stable hired a crafty lawyer to sue the farmer for having ridden the animal to death. The shyster made a canvass and decided to put a neighbor of the man's on the stand. "I can make that nitwitted clodhopper swear to anything I want," thought the lawyer. Came the trial.

"How long have you known the defendant?" asked the shyster of the farmer.

"I couldn't rightly say. Maybe ten years, could rightly be more—or it could be a bit less."

"I am delighted you seek to be exact," said the examiner

sarcastically. "As a usual rule, did the defendant ride fast or slow?"

"I would say it depended," answered the farmer.

"What did it depend on?"

"It depended on the people he was riding with," said the farmer. "If he was out with people that was ridin' slow—why, he rode slow. If he was with people that was ridin' fast, he rode fast."

"You are trifling with the court," roared the lawyer. "What I am trying to establish is how did the defendant ride when he was alone?"

"I don't reckon I quite follow you," said the farmer, puzzled.

"Of course you do! You are trying to dodge the question. What I want to know is this: how did the defendant ride when he was alone?"

The farmer shook his head bewilderedly. "I can't rightly say I know as I was never with him when he was alone."

Many of Grandpa's stories were about the great plague of the plainspeople—grasshoppers. Like the one about the man who was returning home from town when he saw a swarm of grasshoppers darkening the sky. Knowing how savage the ravenous creatures were, he jumped out of his wagon, left his horses standing, and ran to a well and hid. After a time he peeked out. The insects seemingly had gone, but when he got back to his team, he found that the grasshoppers had eaten them and were pitching horseshoes for the harness.

What it boils down to is this: that Grandpa laughed at about the same things as people do to-



day, only the stories were laid in his time and dealt with conditions with which he was familiar. In other words, someday you will be grandpa and your grandchildren will think you dear and quaint and will cackle over the very ones that nearly killed you.

# People Who Work for Me

THEY ARE THE LEGIONS WHO BRING TO HIM

POWER, BREAD, AND NEWS. THE AUTHOR FEELS A DEBT TO THEM.

By Robert J. C. Stead

**I**N THE ordinary meaning of the word, I am not an employer of labor. I do not have to write any salary checks or see that the cash is available for the weekly pay roll. I do not order anyone about.

Nevertheless, I *am* employing labor, large quantities of it. I am also, in a sense, a hard taskmaster; I keep my workers on the job 24 hours a day and seven days a week.

Any morning—every morning—I call on their services the moment I awake. I reach out and touch a switch, and immediately my room is flooded with light—more light and better light than any king could command a century ago. And the light reminds me that men have been on the job, working for me, the whole night through.

The nearest of them are in a substation a few blocks away. They are watching dials and indicators, pushing or pulling switch levers, keeping constant guard over intricate machinery.

Farther removed, but no less essential, are other crews attending whirling generators where the waters of a great river have been harnessed for my use. And if a storm breaks or any obstruction occurs, I have emergency gangs all along the line; climbing poles in a gale, working among wet trees, gathering up dangling ends which mean instant death to the uninformed. A faithful gang of men, always working for me, although I seldom see one of them.

I move into another room and turn a tap. Water rushes forth, and reminds me of another gang of men who have been working for me all night long, last night and every night. At the pumping station they too are watching dials and gauges, moving levers, doing whatever is neces-

sary to keep constant pressure on my tap.

Of them I see even less than I do of the electricians; their service is completely silent and efficient. But if a mishap occurs—if a main breaks, for example—emergency men are immediately thrown into the breach with shovels and cranes and all the accouterments of that kind of warfare.

Also, although I never see them, I know that behind these shock troops are the chemical-warfare scientists—the men who, with test tube and analysis, are constantly on guard to make sure that the water supplied me is free of anything that might cause disease.

When winds are blowing in the night, I do not lie in terror of the demon Fire, because I know my men are on the job at the pumping station, and, in coordination with another group of my employees, they provide a protection so complete that there is not one chance in a thousand that my sleep will be disturbed by fire.

Now down to the breakfast table and I find my silent servants still at work; no early morning grumpiness for them. The electricians are browning my toast, the waterworks people are supplying the fluid for my coffee. But here another army of men comes into the picture.

I place a slice of bread on the toaster. Bread, the staff of life, with more inherent value than all the gold in Fort Knox, Kentucky. How came it to be at my command at the mere turn of an elbow?

That is a long story. It goes back to "the plow in its league-long furrow" and the tractor chugging ahead. Indeed, if we are to be thorough in our research, we will go back to the men who made the plow and the tractor, to the miners who mined the ore that made the plow and the tractor possible, to the management and

brains and know-how that directed the miners who mined the ore that made the steel that built the plow, etc.

But if we start with the farmer, we follow him through his plowing and harrowing and seeding, through the long and anxious period between seed time and harvest, with its threats of drought, hail, grasshoppers, cutworms, rust, hot winds, frost, fire, into the rich days of harvest with the binders and combines humming in the heat.

**W**E follow the wheat to the elevator, up the long carriers, down through the spouts, into the waiting cars, into the freight trains snaking their way across the prairies. How many of us eating our morning toast reflect that it was made possible for us because some engineer sat with his hand on the throttle; some fireman, with his eye on the steam and water gauges, sweated over his shovel; some dispatcher moved trains here and stopped them there with unerring accuracy; some switchman opened the right track at just the right moment?

And then into the flour mills—through the intricate processes of separating the pure flour from its protecting husks, through the laboratory inspections, into the sacks, and again onto the trains or into the ships which bring it ever closer to our command! And then into the bakeries, where men work through the night applying the miracles of leaven and heat; more laboratory tests; the brown loaves, untouched by human hand, sheathing themselves in germ-proof paper; the wagon; the wise old horse that knows when to stop and when to go; and the deliveryman who places it at our door!

It is a vast and intricate machine which places the food on our





table—bread, butter, bacon, eggs, cereal, milk—and we scarcely give it a thought except when some new upsurge in prices presents a new aggravation.

But I have other employees to whom I must introduce you. A young lad, whose day begins while I am still asleep, and with whom I have scarcely a speaking acquaintance, has been at my door, and there is the morning paper. The newspaper is, I think, the greatest example of the efficiency of this age in which we live, the greatest example of reducing the cost to the individual by catering to the demands of the masses. Not for a million dollars—and I mean

one million dollars—could any one of my readers assemble the news which appears in one issue of his daily paper, and which he buys for 5 cents or less. Men and women have been working all night, all over the globe, that we might have the news of the world with our morning coffee. Never before in the history of the world has there been anything like this at any price. And even as I read the news in the morning paper it is supplemented by the paper's greatest competitor and accomplice—the radio.

As I rise from breakfast, the telephone rings. The telephone, I think, is the greatest timesaver in

*"I should like you to meet the fire brigade, the health department, the community services . . . all who contribute to what are called the amenities of life."*



Photos: International News, Westinghouse, La Tour, Hine



*"They are watching dials and indicators, pushing or pulling switches."*



*"It is a vast and intricate machine which places food on our tables. . . ."*



*"No less essential are other crews attending whirling generators. . . ."*

the world when I am using it, the greatest time waster when someone else is. But it reminds me of another group of men and women working for me 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year—utterly invaluable in case of sudden illness, accident, fire, or violence.

At the door I meet the postman, representative of another huge army of men and women working for me in all parts of the world. They carry my letters or manuscripts for a few cents where it would cost me hundreds of dollars to take them personally, and they bring checks or rejection slips with complete impartiality. Like the telegraph, the telephone, and the radio, they have girdled the



*It's mealtime for the bambini at Laurenzana (Italy) nursery.*

## These Three Didn't Forget!

**Y**EARS ago, in the poverty-stricken village of Laurenzana in Southern Italy, a grasping old merchant built a beautiful mansion. Awed townspeople called it the "palace." Surrounded by luxury, the merchant lived alone.

In the same village a schoolmaster named Gerardo Bonomo and his wife, Giuseppina, dreamed of a fine school for the children of Laurenzana. It was needed badly. Signor Bonomo held classes in his own home or those of a charitable neighbor. Recreation, school luncheons, textbooks . . . all these were unknown.

The Bonomos worried about their pupils. Especially were they concerned about the little *bambini* of preschool age. In a country of great poverty, older children help with the field work. As for the little children—well, usually they could shift for themselves. If not, the parents took them out to the vineyards or olive groves, often before daybreak.

"Ah, if we but had the money," sighed Gerardo Bonomo, "we could start a nursery school for the little ones. The great mansion of Signor Perretti would make a fine place to house the school."

But alas for his dreams. The wealthy merchant had no intention of converting his home into a nursery. And the teacher had no money to build one.

Now the Bonomos had three boys and two daughters to feed and clothe. It was a great struggle for teachers are paid poorly in Italy, as elsewhere. So finally, at a family conclave, it was decided to send two of the boys, Richard and Michael, to the fabulous United States.

Michael and Richard prospered. The latter became a member of the Rotary Club of Jersey City, New Jersey, under the classification of scrap iron and steel. Francis, the third son, achieved success in Naples. The two daughters married.

Then, as the children quietly completed plans to make their parents' dreams come true, Gerardo and Giuseppina Bonomo died within 18 months of each other.

The sorrowing children immediately translated their plans into actuality. Led by Michael, the sons bought the home of the late merchant Perretti. It was completely remodelled and special furniture and kitchen facilities installed. A playground was fully equipped and six nuns brought from Lombardy to instruct the children.

On an eventful day for Laurenzana, the Giuseppina Bonomo Kindergarten was opened. The amazed peasants could scarcely believe their eyes. Here their children would be fed, amused, and instructed without cost. It was unbelievable!

The school continued to function during the war years. The Bonomos furnished funds for its support by utilizing neutral agencies in Switzerland. Later the UNRRA and American relief agencies helped the school survive the postwar period in spite of the devastation in Italy.

Last Summer, after an absence of nine years, Rotarian Richard Bonomo visited the school. What he saw was far beyond his highest hopes. More than 200 bright-eyed children, clean and neat and alert, were being sheltered in their parents' absence. And the townspeople were tremendously appreciative, presenting "Dick" Bonomo with eggs, chickens, and cheeses to show their gratitude.

Today the "palace" is worthy of its name. The school it houses has become the pride of the entire Province of Lucania. And the brothers Bonomo have donated the property and have established a fund to create an endowed public kindergarten open to all children.

The dream of a humble schoolmaster has been translated into reality by a trio who did not forget!

world with rapid, cheap, dependable communications—for me.

On the street I see our street sweeper, a very interesting and indeed an almost indispensable gentleman. I used to pass him by, but I have found profit in developing his acquaintance. I was surprised to find that he looks on his street much as a woman looks on her living room; he has the same pride in its neat appearance, the same annoyance when someone carelessly musses it. He is a humble and somewhat frustrated individual, but a very useful one. You may never take notice of his presence, but you would very soon notice his absence—and much to your discomfort. The same is true of the garbage collectors who visit me twice a week. People who are disposed to look down their noses at garbage men should remember that if it were not for their services, they wouldn't be looking down their noses at all; they would be holding them between finger and thumb.

I see we shall not have space in this article to discuss some of the other people who work for me. I should like you to meet the police force (socially, of course), the fire brigade, the health department, the community services, the teachers in our educational institutions, all who contribute to what are called the amenities of life; the occasional enthusiast, the occasional grouch, great numbers who have no definite idea what it is all about, who never have pictured themselves as part of the machine I have been trying to describe.

If they could catch that vision, they might see life differently, for, with all its faults, which are grievous, it is the most wonderful and efficient economic machine ever devised. It is a machine which has raised the standard of physical living far above any previous level. It has opened a highway of opportunity to even those in the most unfavored positions. The highway is not always even or equal, but it is there, and it can be travelled.

I feel indebted to these people who work for me in undistinguished or even humble capacities. I think a word of recognition is due them, and therefore offer no apology for having brought them to your attention.

# Italy Begins Again

SOME PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED, BUT MANY LIE AHEAD.

By Achille Bossi

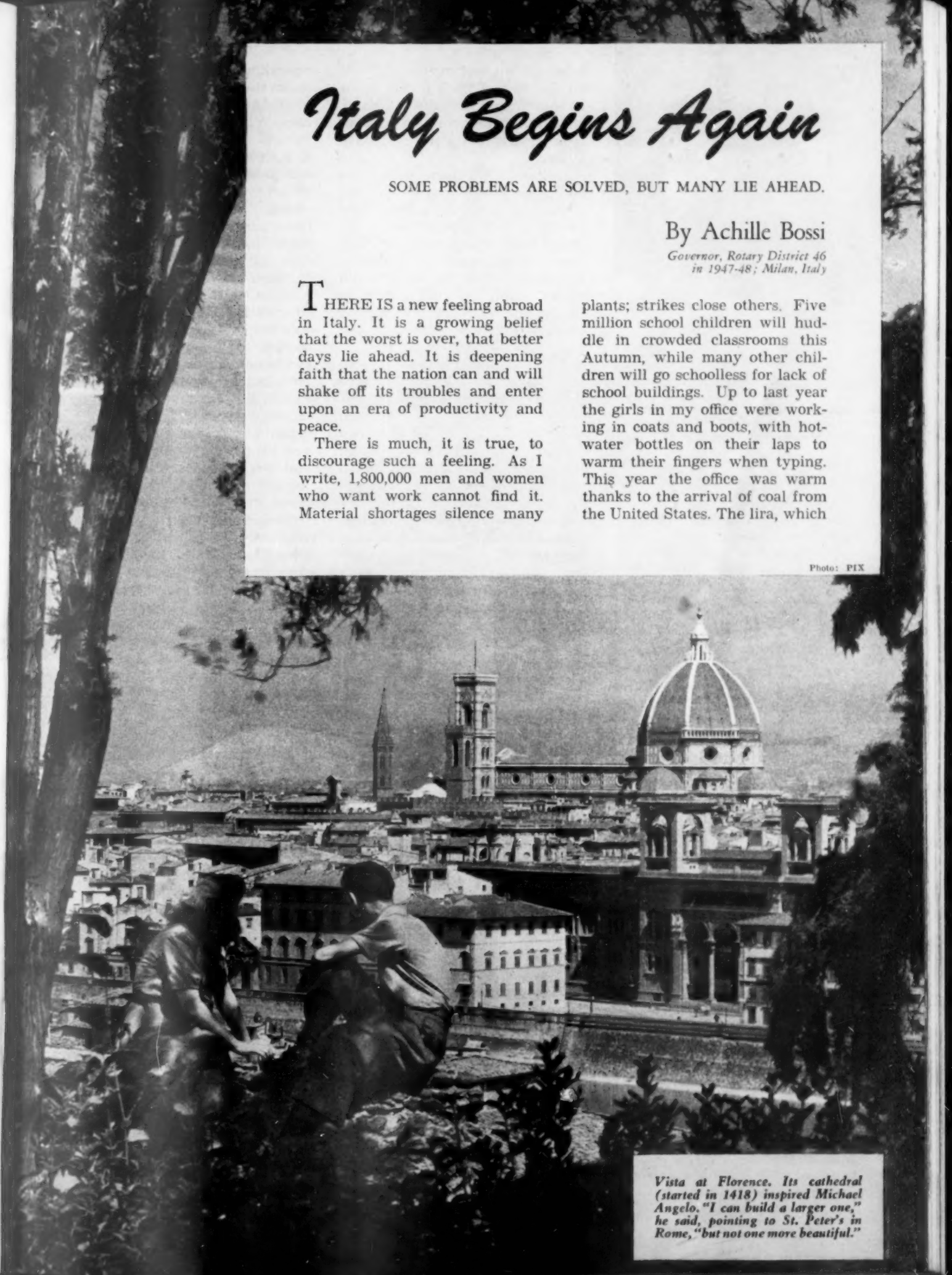
*Governor, Rotary District 46  
in 1947-48; Milan, Italy*

THERE IS a new feeling abroad in Italy. It is a growing belief that the worst is over, that better days lie ahead. It is deepening faith that the nation can and will shake off its troubles and enter upon an era of productivity and peace.

There is much, it is true, to discourage such a feeling. As I write, 1,800,000 men and women who want work cannot find it. Material shortages silence many

plants; strikes close others. Five million school children will huddle in crowded classrooms this Autumn, while many other children will go schoolless for lack of school buildings. Up to last year the girls in my office were working in coats and boots, with hot-water bottles on their laps to warm their fingers when typing. This year the office was warm thanks to the arrival of coal from the United States. The lira, which

Photo: PIX



Vista at Florence. Its cathedral (started in 1418) inspired Michael Angelo. "I can build a larger one," he said, pointing to St. Peter's in Rome, "but not one more beautiful."





When the Rome Rotary Club was reëstablished, speaker was Italy's Premier de Gasperi (right), here shown chatting with Author Achille Bossi.

bought three loaves of bread before the war, now buys one slice. There are still many families, especially in the small *bourgeoisie*, who cannot eat as a family should.

Yet there are clear signs that we have turned the corner into a happier road. Industrial production — by which we live — has reached 72 percent of prewar and is climbing steadily. Agricultural production is up to 77 percent of prewar. Prices, though still fantastically high, are falling. Olive oil, for instance, cost 1,000 lira per liter in October, 1947. Today it costs 600 lira. The lira itself is coming down out of the clouds. At our inflationary peak an American dollar bought 900 lira, now less than 600. A national Government set against inflation has nearly stopped the money presses and is firmly determined to balance the budget. Artists and artisans, scholars and inventors, are eagerly at work in every city and village.

In reporting on our recovery the world press ignores what I regard as an important contributing factor: Rotary. Yes, the 29 Clubs and 1,400 Rotarians of Italy!

Ever since that Summer day in 1943 when a little group of men in Palermo went to the American General George S. Patton, whose forces had just taken Sicily, and asked, "Now may we start our Rotary Clubs again?"—ever since that day the reviving Rotary Clubs of Italy have been rallying points in the fight to put our

beautiful but broken country back on her feet. I want to say more of this later. But before I do, I should like to give you a little more clearly the picture of Italy today.

Let us pick a name out of the 46 million people who inhabit my land. Let us say it is Pietro Colombo, a very popular name. So popular is it that we can say that Pietro Colombo (which would be translated "Pete Pigeon") is the "John Smith" of Italy. Perhaps in the life story of this typical average Italian we can read the recent difficult history of Italy.

Pietro Colombo, suppose, is 40 years old. A clerk in an insurance company, he lives in a city of 50,000 and has a wife and two children. As a boy, and like boys around the world, Pietro read in school of the glory that was Rome. He learned—or is supposed to have learned—that from the city founded on the Tiber in 753 B.C. there grew an empire that pushed Roman highways and commerce and arts and law as far north as the British Isles, as far south as mid-Africa, and as far east as Persia. He read of the fall of that Empire, of the sack of Rome by the Vandals in A.D. 455, of the rise of the Papacy, the growth of the prosperous Italian city-States, and the glorious Renaissance. If

preceding pages bored him, those about the great colorful Garibaldi (1807-82), who fought to drive alien rulers out of Italy, opened Pietro's eyes wide, and he saw that such men as this bold patriot had given him Italy as he knew it—an entity, a united nation, a country of mountains and rivers and sunny seacoasts a little larger than Britain and little smaller than the State of New Mexico.

Pietro was 7 when World War I began, with Italy on the side of the Allies. He was 15 when a socialist journalist by the name of Benito Mussolini assumed the Prime Ministry. Soon after, the boy found himself in the local unit of the *Avanguardisti*, a body of 900,000 boys, aged 14 to 18, organized for sports and drill, and saw his parents and little brother and sisters, as most other Italians, joining other new groups. Everything was being organized.

Then in 1936 came a brief war with Abyssinia. Pietro, who had been married two years by that time, missed it without regret. Then, with his country's entry into World War II in June, 1940, came four years Pietro would like to forget. Conscription. Service in Libya. Sufferings and privations in a hopeless fight; a perilous return to a home port. Then the collapse of the Government

Famed masterpieces such as Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* are again being displayed.

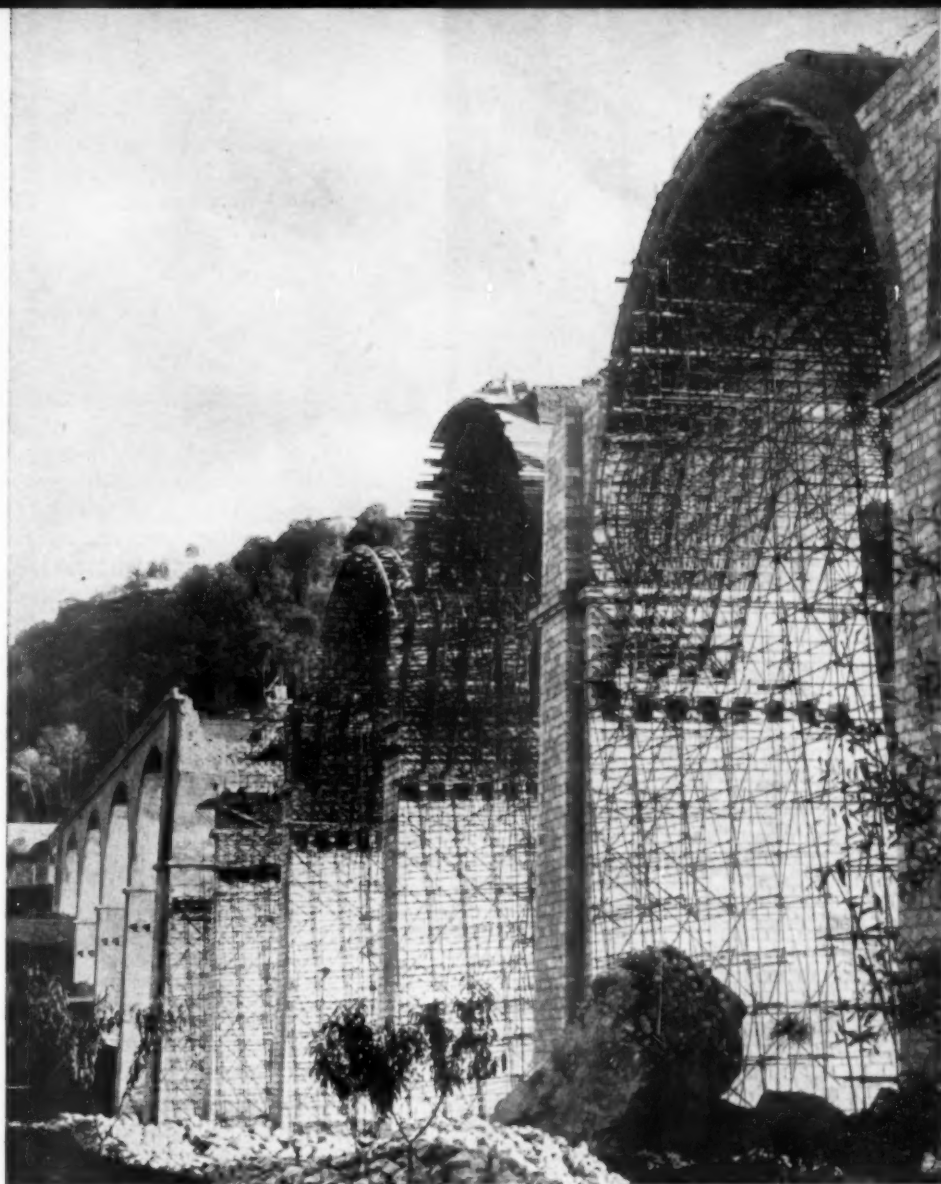


and disintegration of his Army in 1943. The sight of his former German comrades forcing boys he had known into lorries for the long ride to plane and tank plants in the Ruhr, giving them no notice and no opportunity to advise their parents. I myself saw this more than once, walking to my office here in Milan. Finally, welcoming as liberators the British and Americans—the friends he had been fighting. And at long last, peace!

Pietro could now go back to his home town and his Maria and the *bambini*, who, thank Heaven, were safe. His old job in the insurance office was waiting. It was guaranteed, in fact, by the new Government. The Colombos could settle down into the blessed routine of peace.

Do you wonder how it goes with such a family, what its average day is like? For breakfast, a cup of black coffee for the parents and coffee and milk (if you can find it) with some bread for the children. Few Italians have more at their morning meal. Then Pietro pedals off to his office, the children walk to school and his wife to market. She has ration stamps in her purse, but, except for bread and sugar, often she cannot get much out of them. So she will buy her *pasta* (that is

Young fishermen can now wet a line, sans fear.



A new Sagittario viaduct has arisen on the war-made ruins of the old one . . . and within the shadow of old Vesuvius, spaghetti is being produced as picturesquely as of yore.  
Photo: PIX from Herrmann, Pommeranz-Liedtke, and Eisenstaedt





our generic term for all the wheat-paste forms you know as spaghetti, macaroni, vermicelli, and so on) at what you call the black market, but what in Italy we know as the free market.

At noon Pietro has the best meal of his day—in a company lunchroom. Spaghetti, a rice dish perhaps, several times a week meat or cheese, and always fruit. At 1:30 Pietro takes up work again and departs for home at 5:30. There the Colombos' problem begins. Salaries, especially of such white-collar workers as Pietro, are never sufficient and so the *signora* must do all sorts of acrobatics to make the family income stretch over three meals a day. This is a special night, however, so there is sausage on the table, along with the usual vegetable soup and rice. There is even a loaf of cheese. The Colombos may have to go back to *polenta* tomorrow, however. *Polenta* is made thus: stir corn flour slowly into boiling water. Stir and stir until the mixture solidifies. Then you put it on the plate and slice it. You can serve it with some anchovies or cheese, or tomato sauce or meat juice, and then it makes a tasty dish. *Polenta* is very filling.

There is a little money tonight for some fun, so the four Colombos go to a movie—and laugh themselves sick at Laurel and Hardy. When American movies—good, bad, and indifferent—returned to our theaters, we Italians felt that at last we had been reinstated in the normal world. Perhaps after Maria and the children are in bed Pietro will stroll down to the corner *trattoria* or *caffè* for a glass of *vino* with his friends. Before long they will be in lively argument about Italy's problems. What are some of these problems?

There is physical reconstruction for one. To take a typical example, in the crossfire of German and Allied bombing the railway system alone had the following losses: 21 percent of its railway trackage, 35 percent of all rail tracks in the stations, 28 percent of all stone bridges, 45 percent of all iron bridges, 36 percent of the buildings, 65 percent of high-tension electric lines. Coming to rolling stock: the State

Railway alone lost 59 percent of its steam locomotives, 78 percent of its electric locomotives, 81 percent of the passenger coaches, and 73 percent of its boxcars.

Small cities like Viterbo, Cassino, and Civitavecchia were virtually wiped out; large cities like Milan, Genoa, Turin, and Palermo, or minor cities like Leghorn, Bologna, and Messina suffered heavy destruction. Putting first things first, economics-wise, we are restoring our communications. Main roads have been nearly entirely repaired. Magnificent also has been the reconstruction effort of the State Railways. At the end of 1947 reconstruction had already rebuilt 50 percent of railway trackage, 50 percent of rail track in the stations, 42 percent of stone bridges, 20 percent of iron bridges, 54 percent of the buildings, and 48 percent of high-tension electric lines.

Many of our pulverized villages will never live again. The building in which I reside was once the palace of a noble family. A bomb cleaned out the interior. A honeycomb of new apartments now fills it. Physical reconstruction is under way the length and breadth of our boot—but the pace is not yet so swift as we desire.

New Italian-made locomotives and boxcars roll on our railroads, but we shall have to work a long time to replace the thousands of pieces of rolling stock—even trolley cars—that were destroyed or hauled off to the Reich.

NEW Topolinos and Fiats and other motorcars are coming off our assembly lines here in Italy's industrial North, but only a few men can afford them in a land where a brilliant university professor receives a salary of \$60 (American) a month and a great industrial executive a monthly stipend of \$600. Still, prices are coming down; salaries are beginning to mean more. Shortages of steel and iron and coal, of which Italy has none, plague the little manufacturer, but his supply is steadily increasing, thanks to the flow of shipments from America. Our wine and dairy industries are thriving; farmers have brought back their stocks to prewar quantities. The building industry is definitely reviving and in certain

This slum in Naples typifies one of Italy's major social problems which was aggravated by war conditions.

THE ROTARIAN







Rome, the Eternal City . . . looking across the Tiber to St. Peter's dome. To the right is San Angelo Castle, begun by Emperor Hadrian (A.D. 76-138).

cities like Milan is now in full swing. We will make it.

What a happy day it will be for Italy when the tourists return. They were, in the '30s, our third-largest industry and they will be glad to know that the Riviera is as lovely as ever, the Alps as awesome, the Leaning Tower as fascinating, and the Gorgonzola as zesty. One day, I hope soon, prices will be low enough to attract them again.

For several years I have been reading in overseas papers that Italy has the largest Communist party in the world, that civil war could break out any day. All along I placed against those statements what I learned from our Doxa Institute (Italy's Gallup Poll) over which I preside. Through opinion sampling I learned that a strong majority was back of our present Government headed by the Christian Democrat Alcide de Gasperi, that many a man who voted for the revolutionary party did so on the one count only that it promised jobs and bread. The Communist party represents a minority of the Italian people, but it exploits adroitly the difficulties which Italians have to meet every day and the moral wounds which the peace treaty has left in the heart of the nation.

The results of the April 18 elections were, as I have implied, not a great surprise to me; many of us were sure of victory for the Democrats. It is true that the votes obtained by this party comprehended the votes of many other political parties, but there was deep significance in the anti-Communist affirmation. Generally speaking, [Continued on page 56]



A scene from pastoral Italy, happily being restored. This photograph was taken along the famous Appian Way leading to Rome. . . . Below is a typical view from the Alpine section of Northern Italy, favored for centuries by travellers in search of contentment.

Photos: (above) Keystone; (below) PIX-Bricarelli



Mart Marston meets and masters an "explosion wave."

## MEN AGAINST THE RIVER

THERE is something about wild water that challenges men to battle—that taunts them into matching their wits against its might. This is a story about two Rotarians who not only rode out some of the maddest rapids in North America, but also took colored movies all the way.

They are Otis Marston and Wilson B. Taylor, of Berkeley, California. "Mart" rents out Marston properties, and "Willie" has a luggage store. They took on the big adventure about a year ago as members of an expedition which travelled through the Canyon of Lodore in cataract boats from Green River, Wyoming, to Jensen, Utah.

As the party reached Ashley Falls in Red Canyon, on the fifth day out, Al Milotte, a photographer

assigned to cover the journey for a major film studio, found his camera was hopelessly jammed. And with dramatic water action just beginning!

Al approached Mart, who was busy with his photo equipment, and ruefully announced that he could do no more shooting until the party reached Vernal, where he might be able to get another camera. Without saying a word, Mart reached into his dunnage and handed Al a camera just like the one he had been using. "No, thanks," Al replied, "I wouldn't think of stopping your photographic schedule. That's a sacrifice that is just too much."

"That's okeh, Al. The camera is a spare!" Mart rejoined.

After completing the Green River run, Mart, who is the son of a sea captain of the old sailing-vessel era, and a former submarine officer in the United States Navy, went on to traverse the Marble and Grand Canyons of the Colorado River. A year before he had used the same equipment to tame the waters of the Salmon and Snake Rivers in Idaho.

Most rapidsmen find they have their hands full managing a pair of oars. But not Mart. He always takes his motion-picture equipment along, virtually handling the boat with one hand, while recording the action with the other.

Before he came and "shot the works," everyone said that the Cataract Canyon run—called the Graveyard of the Colorado—was too dangerous to film. He did it in color! He caught the rivermen climbing into their life jackets and their skiffs, and gliding lazily downstream, stern-to. Then he

Rotarian Wilson Taylor takes time out between runs on the river to check up on charts.

THE ROTARIAN



mas-  
tive."

Mrs. Marston "shoots" her husband shooting the rapids.



recorded their tumbling into the torrents at 30 miles an hour, and battling with violent whirlpools, where the waters clawed savagely and rushed against the boats like charging bulls.

Rotarians Marston and Taylor portaged one rapid on the Green River run; and Mart and his party "lined" the famed Lava Falls in the Grand Canyon. The nearest thing to an accident occurred during the Grand Canyon trip, when one of the women in the party rolled backward with laughter, but failed to brace herself on deck. She splashed overboard. First to appear in the water was a movie camera, high overhead. Then her hat. Finally she bobbed up, amply supported by her life preserver. The camera functioned without trouble—after sun drying.

Mart is so confident of safe transit through river rapids that he never hesitates to take members of his family along. His twin daughters, Loel and Maradel, his son, Garth, and the latter's wife, Shirley, were on the Green River trip. Mrs. Marston joined her husband in time to make the Grand Canyon trip, while Taylor, the twins, and Shirley returned to Berkeley.

The Marstons exchanged river yarns on the south rim of the Grand Canyon with another Rotarian—Emery Kolb, who has often toured the Canyon waterways with the U. S. Geological Survey. In such veteran rapidsmen the reader has his answer: One can shoot the rapids and live—if he's good!



AUGUST, 1948

*A grizzled explorer, athlete, and photographer, Mart poses with part of his equipment.*





Eight Chatham-builders gather at Rotary to get local industrial news from Bill Gray.



## Report on Chatham

Remember the "Work Piles" Rotary urged Clubs to build for returning servicemen? Here's a story about a typical small Canadian city which built one . . . and, in doing it, not only created jobs for 1,200 veterans, but also set off a brisk industrial expansion which continues unslowed today.

Canada as a whole, it is true, is in a moderate boom . . . but the ingredients of it come from expanding small places—like Chatham, Kent County, Ontario.

By Karl K. Krueger

ONE DAY in 1813 the great Indian organizer Tecumseh called his tribal chieftains together in the woods of Southern Canada. The old sachems were restive, needed a pep talk on team play. Seizing a war club, Tecumseh held it aloft before them. Then, with dramatic deliberation, he released one finger at a time until the weapon slipped from his hand to the ground. "See," said he, "we stick together—or fall."

Today a park bearing his name surrounds the spot in southwestern Ontario where Tecumseh taught that object lesson. And a city surrounds that park. It is Chatham—a pleasant collection of brick, tradition, and 20,000 energetic people, which is reasonably typical of small cities throughout Eng-

lish-speaking Canada. Now, not everybody in Chatham knows the Tecumseh story, yet all seem to live by the moral of it. They stick together! Conservatives and Liberals, Presbyterians and Catholics, apple vendors and casting manufacturers, they are currently teamed in a strong drive to make their once-static city GROW!—to make it a place of opportunity for youth and for everyone. "It's a good town now," says the hotel elevator boy, "but it's going to be a lot better ten years from now."

If the next ten are anything like the last three, it will be. In the three years since V-J Day, Chatham has welcomed 56 new industries representing a capital investment of 14 million dollars. It has pushed its city limits a mile farther into the country to give the new plants room. It has seen these new ventures double its industrial capacity and create new jobs for 500 people. It has watched population jump 2,000, has acquired 500 new houses. It hears 28 prospective shopkeepers still crying for space on King Street and many big-city business writers asking: "Is Chatham Canada's 'City of the Year?'" and "How do you do it, Chatham?"

"We don't do it—we live it!" Chatham businessmen answer. "We use no pressure, no questionable inducements — no free land, no free sites. We offer only a good location, preparedness, and friendly, foresighted people." Friendly, *canny* people, they should add.



Chatham on the Thames in Kent County. In all these respects this Ontario city is like its namesake in England. Rotary food parcels have linked the two Chathams stronger.

Big cheerful "Cece" Syme, ticket agent at the CPR station, overhears a stranger talking about starting a little factory somewhere. Gets his name. Phones Chatham 2571. A month later the stranger puts \$15,000 into a new small plant in Chatham.

City Fireman George Forsyth gives directions to a Michigander who, chatting on, mentions he has designed a nonstickable castor, has been wondering where to manufacture. As the visitor drives off, George gulps—didn't get his name!—and sprints after him. But he catches only the first four digits of the Michigan license plate—which he reports to Chatham 2571. In a few days the Michigan man puzzles over a letter inviting a return visit to Chatham . . . and finally replies to a fourth like it. Today he and 30 employees are making nonstickable castors in Chatham.

That's how "The Maple City" does it. Every last citizen watches for seeds of new enterprise to fall, and leaps to water them. But that telephone number, Chatham 2571! It's important all right. It rings the Industrial Bureau of Chatham . . . where three people are on the job eight or 18 hours a day following up leads like these or developing new ones on their own hook. A municipal corporation, the Bureau was set up to start some new red corpuscles pumping through Chatham's economic arteries—in short, more industry. Doing it, the Bureau has become the headquarters of Chatham's renaissance movement.

How the Bureau came to be is in considerable part a Rotary story which begins four years ago. World War II was at its peak, the end foreseeable, and Chatham's city fathers were worried. Soon 1,200 servicemen would be coming home. To jobs? Chatham, which hadn't received a single war plant, stood about where it was in 1939. It could employ only a few hundred of its veterans.

"What are we going to do about it, gentlemen—just sit?" stormed the young Rotarian Mayor to his council one night. After the meeting, an aldermanic group spearheaded by the Mayor



New trucks will soon roll off assembly lines in this International Harvester plant in Chatham—a 3-million-dollar "windfall." . . . Not just any spade, but a silver spade breaks ground in "The Maple City" and (below) you see L. Winchell, of the Hinde and Dauch Paper Box Company, wielding it last Winter at the site of a new million-dollar plant.



Photos (pp. 24-27): Dolamore; Troller, Chatham "Daily News"; staff photographer





White hybrid corn for corn flakes is a Chatham area specialty and armies of city youths help farmers detassel it, thereby controlling its parentage.



Fighting beside local farmers to protect trees from beetles, sugar beets from grubs are Government entomologists stationed in Chatham.



Chatham's favorite story: On a borrowed "shoe-string," 23-year-old veteran Jack Watson (center) and younger brother start cement block plant. Soon expand, now have thumping \$30,000 industry.



Health? Chatham's for it! First subject of recent city-wide chest X-ray drive is Mayor Ralph Steele. Lew Veale, Board of Trade head who helped run drive, is at his right.

Canada's immigration drive has brought the Chatham area 1,000 Netherlanders—like this family.



and the chairman of the Industrial Committee (who is Mayor today and son of the Chatham Rotary Club's long-time Treasurer) struck out for Bill Gray's house on William Street. A one-time automobile maker (the Gray-Dort, made in Chatham) Wm. Murray Gray had recently retired at 52 to nurse his health and clip coupons. Known for his brainful of ideas and his heartful of Chatham, maybe Bill could be roused to tackle the problem.

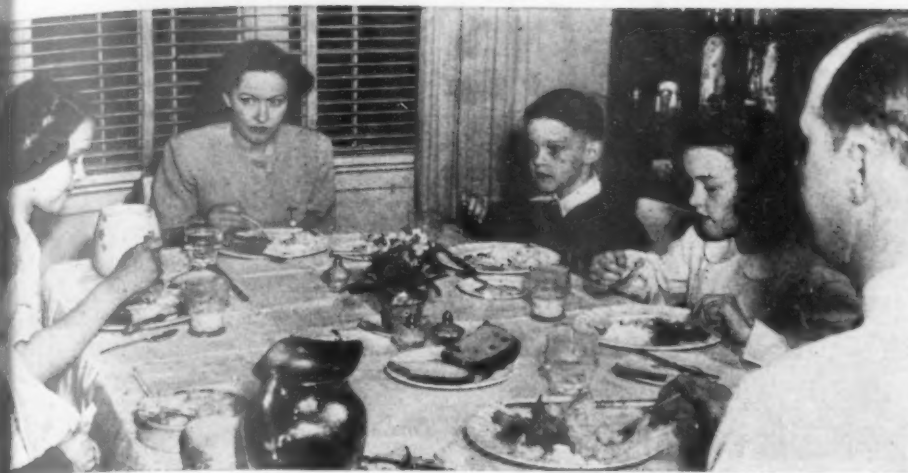
"The fellows caught me at precisely the psychological moment," recalls Bill, who was Governor of Rotary District 153 in the mid-'30s. "I had just been poring over some Rotary literature on the Work Pile\* which I'd heard Governor Roy Plumb, of Michigan, present at the District Conference on behalf of President Charlie Wheeler. It had 'softened me up.' For a stock pile of jobs for veterans was what Chatham needed. Together, then, we made plans for a city-wide agency which would stir the people to create those jobs—and I agreed to give it 25 percent of my time."

In a few weeks Rotarian Bill Gray was giving the project 125 percent of his time. For, as the small group sprang their idea at the Rotary Club, then at the Kiwanis, Optimist, and Kinsmens Clubs, at the City Council, Board of Trade, Junior Chamber, and so on, the whole town caught the vision and demanded action. So came the Industrial Bureau with irrepressible Bill Gray as its commissioner. Just then, out of the blue, International Harvester announced it would build a 3-million-dollar truck factory in Chatham and the new Bureau helped it find a site. From then on there was no stopping anybody . . . and you have already read a bit about what has happened since.

Chatham was a village in 1850, a town in 1855, a city after 1895. Now, says a huge local signboard, it's "A Metropolis in the Making." With 20,000 people sticking together to make it one, it may very well be.

\*Readers wishing to refresh memories on the Work Pile are referred to Let's Heap the Work Pile HIGH, by Paul B. McKee, THE ROTARIAN, Sept., 1943. For articles on how it developed in various cities (Brainerd, Minn.; Peoria, Ill.; San Francisco, Calif.; Villa Grove, Ill.) see the Sept., Oct., and Nov., 1943, and Jan., 1944, issues.





## A Day with the Goddards

**N**ARROW this energetic city of Chatham, Ontario, down to a family and you meet a little group like the C. Lorne Goddards, whom you see at dinner above. Lorne, his comely wife Edith, their children—Judith, 12, Barbara, 11, Larry, 9, and Virginia, 3—that's the census. Like 80 percent of Chatham's population, the Goddards had British forebears, but were born in Canada—Lorne in Ottawa, Edith in Chatham.

It's the Goddard Chick Hatcheries on Queen Street that keep this family in shoes. Lorne, a Rotarian, is owner-manager, having built the large business from scratch with a few dollars borrowed in 1929. He's past presi-



dent of the Canadian Baby Chick Association, got to many world poultry meetings in Europe.

At age 28 Lorne ran for alderman on a dare—and won. At 33 he became Chatham's Mayor—yes, the young Rotarian Mayor aforementioned who sparked Chatham's boom.

The photos show the Goddard home and a few of the myriad doings of this household . . . where Canada's future looks bright.

*Pull! Larry, Judy, and Barbie win busy Dad away from his many organizations tonight for some fun in the back yard . . . and a sisterly duet just before bed.*



*While Lorne's at work in his hatchery, Edith and Ginny shop at O'Rourke's, where they pay 51c for round steak, 27c for hamburger!*



# Wife Eyes HUSBAND

## And Vice Versa!

PRESENTED WITH CONSIDERABLE TREPIDATION  
AS A DEBATE-OF-THE-MONTH by



### He's a Darling, but—

*Says Marion Ryan Minard*

**M**Y HUSBAND is a darling. I love him. But really.

He loves me devotedly. He says so. About twice a year.

He's generous to a fault at birthdays or Christmas, but in-between times he's the guy who squawks his head off when the first of the month rolls around.

He is a fixer. For which I am profoundly thankful. We need one around our domicile. We have three children.

He takes up hobbies to save money . . . he says. More often

than not it ends up with the hobby costing more than the original service would have cost.

Like when he took up photography. The cost of the equipment alone would have kept us in picture money for at least five years.

Still it was fun. We did it together.

He let me wash the pictures after he enlarged them.

He also allowed me to clean up the bathroom—which we used for a darkroom—after we were finished.

That's what I like about my husband.

When we do things together, we have fun. Honest.

Like when we go fishing. Fly-casting.

He lets me row the boat while he nearly throws off his arm in his

attempts to land a beautiful five-pound bass. Sometimes he even does it.

He likes to have me row. He says so.

For the simple reason that he finds it difficult to get anyone else to row for him. He can't boss someone else around . . . the way he does me.

"You're too far in! Want me to hit the blankety-blank tree?"

"You're too far out! Don't have to row across the blankety-blank lake, do you?"

When he's with someone else, the dialogue goes more like this:

"We could be out just a little bit farther, don't you think?"

"Aren't we out just a bit too far?"

See? The difference, I mean?

It's too blamed much trouble for him when anyone but me rows the boat for him. He's got to be polite. That kills him . . . when he's fishing.

I realize this. But it doesn't bother me, for—

He cleans the fish. Which I hate to do.

And he doesn't even eat it after it is cleaned.

French fried potatoes with golden-brown pan-fried fish is a combination to dream about.

The kids and I enjoy the fish.

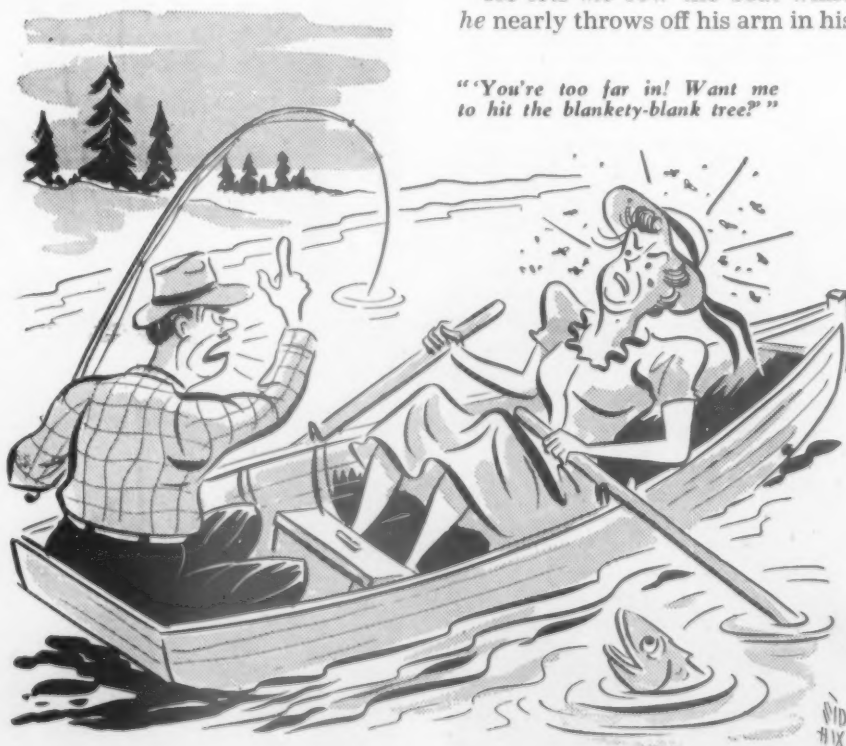
My husband enjoys the French fried potatoes.

Maybe that's why we have fun.

He likes bent grass. Because it will take more punishment than any other kind.

He will work like sin to keep a lawn like velvet.

He then proceeds to take the head off any luckless individual who so much as steps on it.



"You're too far in! Want me to hit the blankety-blank tree?"

He craves a clean house. No mussiness.

Yet *he* drops his clothes wherever he may happen to be.

A pained look passes over his pan when I beseech his coöperation.

But I really don't mind. Because he's a fixer. Plenty handy to have around when baby throws a rubber ball down the toilet bowl.

He's the character who bellows, "WHAT! Are those bums coming over AGAIN?"

And *then* proceeds to outdo *me* in passing around the hospitality.

He begs the aforesaid company to stay longer. Nay, he commands.

At such times I could cheerfully crown him.

And not with a crown.

He yells about my cooking.

Yet he refuses to eat out, which I would do *gladly* to accommodate him.

He declares that he can bake *much* better than I.

However, he always has some *vital* project underway whenever I give him a chance to exhibit his culinary skill.

He will eat a whole pie for dessert . . . if he sees that I've made two.

Wonder why?

His idea of fun is to go for a long drive in the country when he knows that I'm dying to see people.

Or stay home. Mostly just stay home. Digging in his bent grass.

If I do finally get him to a movie, he waits for the most exciting moment of a mystery thriller to poke me in the ribs and hiss, "Boo!" into my pearly ear, scaring me out of a year's growth.

He's always advising his friends to do like *he* does.

They don't. So they continue to be friends.

If I want to talk while he's listening to the radio, he motions me to be silent. And I mean "motion."

But when *my* favorite radio program comes on, he immediately begins a friendly conversation.

This I'm supposed to enjoy.

I don't.

Insofar as I can understand, he would like me to be a combination—

Du Barry, for glamour . . . when we step out.



Devoted mother for our kids. "Handy to have around" is really the correct phrase.

Housekeeper par excellence. Including all cooking and baking.

Outdoor girl . . . or who else would row the boat? Or take the kids skating in Winter?

Swimming is good, too. I can take care of the children, in case it's too cold for Papa . . . which it usually is.

And then on top of all this, I

am supposed to be good-natured.

He thinks so.

Sometimes I am.

Sometimes I am *not*.

I love my husband.

I must.

My husband loves me.

He must.

For how else could two such different people be stuck with each other "until death do us part"—and *still* have so doggoned much *fun*?

## I'm a Reluctant Gladiator

*Answers Glett Burgess*

RELUCTANT though I am to take up arms against a lady, the ungallant task of confronting her has devolved upon me. Mrs. Minard has impugned husbands. Who can blame me if I strike back at wives?

Some women — I name no names—blow hot and cold. They play both ends to win. Much as kids draw caricatures of teacher on the blackboard, then, when she comes, rub it out and greet her with a smile, so some women slap your face and then try to smooth it off with a kiss. They say such things as "Laura has a nasty temper and is awfully selfish—but I like her. She has a kind heart."

I can't accuse a lady of indelicacy in her revelation of her marital affairs, for, averse as I am to talk of my own, I am forced into playing her own game. Very well, then, if I am to retaliate, so be it.

I speak of my wife: she is a perfectionist. She will allow no slightest fault of mine to go without reproof. She is on watch for my every weakness.

"Don't sit on your spine!" she will exclaim. "You'll soon be a mere lump of flesh with a big belly and no neck." And I am compelled to straighten in my easy chair.

Should I speak a little indistinctly, she will cry: "Speak clearly! Articulate your words! You're



# Putting

HUMAN  
NATURE

## to Work

Let's have your story. If it's used in this department, a \$10 check will be sent you (\$5 if it's from another publication).—Eds.

Giving on small points sometimes gains big ones. When he found a stranger looking over a lot next door, a cantankerous old man in an Alabama town warned him against buying it.

"If you do," he threatened, "you'll buy a lawsuit, because three feet of this lot is mine!" The stranger was not riled. He said he liked the neighborhood and its people and thought it would be a good place to rear his family. "So I'm buying the lot," he added, "but I'll deed you the three disputed feet." His frankness and generosity startled the old fellow. "Hmm," he said, "guess you're all right. The three feet will be yours—and there won't be no lawsuit."

A. F. Harman, Montevallo, Ala.



The gray market is gray because gray marketeers aren't in the spotlight, believes a garage man in little California, Missouri. None of his buyers of a new model drives around the block, then sells it for a "used" job at \$500 profit—not since he put a bit of uncommonly good sense to work. When a new car is taken from his floor, he takes cash for the list price less \$5. That is covered by a mortgage which must run 12 months. It's simple, but it works. The motor company he represents likes the system so well it has increased his quota of new cars for delivery in his community.

John Hert, California, Mo.



It takes a strong character to put over a lesson like the one my father taught a local barber years ago. The man shaved Father so hurriedly that he did an unsatisfactory job. When the barber was through, Father stepped from the chair, paid the man—and promptly sat in the next chair. He requested another shave and haircut, paying the second barber when he had finished.

The next day Father returned to the first barber and said, "I'm sure you can do better than you did yesterday." He did—and he shaved Father for 25 years until death closed his shop.

Mrs. A. Burgess, Greenville, S. C.

getting to be a regular mushroom." And so I have to repeat "Rubber buggy bumpers" and "Still shovelling slush" and "Both boats brought broad boards" over and over so distinctly that she can understand every word in the next room.

Isn't it natural to misplace a fountain pen, a nail file, or a letter that "was right here just a minute ago"? But "To err is human" is no motto of hers. She insists that every time I put anything down I must say audibly, "I am placing it on the table." And when the telephone bell rings, I can no longer toss down anywhere whatever is in my hand. No, I have to stop, count three, deposit it deliberately, and say aloud the spell that makes me remember. Now I ask you!

Stumble, do I? "Watch your feet! Look at the rugs when you walk across the floor! Keep your eyes open!" Is that the way a loving wife should talk to her husband? What if I do fall occasionally? That's *my* backache.

Verily, there is no rest for the weary in my home. If I twiddle my fingers abstractedly, she says I'm growing old. That sprained ankle I had pained me for a while, but after that if I had a subconscious feeling of weakness in that foot, "Don't you dare limp!" she warned me. "Half the people who limp don't really have to. It's just a habit." And when I carelessly stepped into the cat's saucer on the floor, ah!

I'm chided if I forget a name, talk about an accident I have seen ("Stop that destructive talk! Nobody likes it!"), or if I modestly disclaim just praise. My own mother was never so exigent.

And crossword puzzles — how she hates 'em! When a new volume of Mrs. Kingsley's fascinating *Double Crostics* comes out, I'm no good till they're all solved, though it takes some time, I confess, to guess such words as "lychnobite" and "Eleutheromania." So for a while I did them after she had gone to bed. She hid the book. I locked myself inside the bathroom. She threw the book in the fire. "Can't I have a little fun?" I begged. "After you've finished that chapter of your novel," was her stern decree.

So what's the payoff? This:

Never, never once since I married her has she made a complaint or a criticism that wasn't well merited. Always, always, it has been for my improvement. I was a bit uncouth perhaps when she began to reform me, but she never smoothed out the imperfections softly, as if I were clay, but hacked off the rough spots boldly, like a sculptor working on marble. A straight-from-the-shoulder operator is my wife. You know where you are with her. She never blurs her talk with euphemisms; with her, a spade is a spade. When she slaps, she slaps plenty, but glory be when she kisses! A hard one to live with? Yes, but golly, how exciting!

And so what I am today, as far as she could, she made me. That smile of hers when she feels proud of me is a beatification to be longed for, worked for, and to thank God for. Would we have kept so close, so intimate, so united, had she been flavored with vanilla instead of ginger?

But if she can criticize me the way she does, can she really love me? Well, when she ceases to find fault with my weakness, when she lets me run to seed without her rebuke, then I'll know that she doesn't care for me any more, and that one she doesn't respect and admire she cannot love.

MAY she always be the lovely, temperamental Tartar that she is, and may I always deserve that love by giving her less and less reason for her indignant rage. I wouldn't have her different. She has given me a goal to work for, and each upward step brings me nearer to her own inspiring, exacting self. Happy, happy indeed is he who has for a wife such an accented, stinging, devoted, ambitious, adorable, tantalizing, talented, loyal, affectionate, beautiful, beautiful Jezebel.

\* \* \*

Since I wrote the lines above, this beautiful, talented wife of mine has died. Yet now, as I reread what I wrote in a happier time, I find I would not change a word or comma of it. I reaffirm it now as a tribute to the wonderful, brilliant girl who disliked retractions and apologies as much as she disapproved sloth and ashes on the rug.

# ROTARIANS in the NEWS



*Dr. Cesar Mayo Gutierrez (center), Vice-President of Uruguay, greets Rotary visitors from S.S. Uruguay making a post-Rio Convention visit in Montevideo.*



*D. V. Vyas, a member of the Rotary Club of Ahmedabad, India, is prominent in Indian judicial circles, and has served as district and sessions judge in several Indian communities.*

*Photo: Murnor*



*Mario Musso, an honorary Rotarian in Zurich, Switzerland, has earned honor for his country through his humanitarian efforts for the Swiss Red Cross and the Children's Relief.*

*Photo: British Combine*



*Honors have come to Ernest F. Coe, an honorary Miami, Fla., Rotarian, since establishment of the Everglades National Park. He worked more than 20 years to bring it to a reality.*



*Sir Charles Mander, a prominent British industrialist and Past President of RIBI, recently flew to the U.S.A. with Lady Mander to attend World Assembly for Moral Rearmament.*



*Photo: Crescente*

*Guido Corbellini, a Past President of the Florence, Italy, Rotary Club, holds the important Government position of Minister of Transportation.*



*A former President of the Republic of Finland (August, 1944, to March, 1946), Marshal Mannerheim is known for his humanitarian activities. He is an honorary Helsingfors Rotarian.*



Foundry work is work, find Jack Mayes and Ronald Andrews as they clean molds. But fun, too!



Three future farmers from the city pitch in at the dairy where they're apprenticed . . . while



"What bracelets!" muses David Goldberg as he studies equipment at police headquarters. . . . (Below) A professor explains survey bench marks.



Photos: C. Lagus

## English Schoolboys Learn by

SOME 200 LADS FROM NORTH LONDON WORK IN THE TOWNS AND OFFICES OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD ROTARIANS AND OTHER EMPLOYERS.

TWO HUNDRED boys from the William Ellis School in North London and 40 French boys recently learned some things about the real world not found in books.

Together they encamped for two weeks in the town of Hemel Hempstead (population 16,000) in Hertfordshire, England. They were there to study the town, to get an inside view of its life by working side by side with its citizens. They were to learn by doing.

While some of the boys made studies of local farming, architecture, natural history, geology, and transportation, most of them took jobs in industry or government. Those who chose industry were apprenticed to a variety of establishments including a brush factory, a stonemason's yard, an engineering works, and a fireworks factory.

Let an engineering apprentice tell of his own discoveries: "Before actually going into the machine shop I was looking forward resignedly to being shown plenty

of machines, yet being unable to operate one. That illusion has, I am glad to say, been dispelled and I have been allowed to operate quite a variety of machines." He did, in fact, try his hand at a capstan lathe, a semiautomatic lathe, and an overhead drill. He then moved on to the foundry where he made cores, learned to set a mold, and saw metal being poured. He ended up by casting his own ash tray. His school engineering drawing will make a good deal more sense now.

The fact that the world is a nexus of relationships between man and man was rediscovered by a young Solomon of 15 who said: "I was not just watching other people. I was actually among the men, learning their likes and dislikes, and also some of their home life, and most of all learning the trade in a practical way instead of from books. This gives a boy the chance to get knowledge of other people's work and how other people live, and this, in my opinion, is a thing





While Hemel Hempstead and Fairey work on a housing project.

## army Doing

WORK FORTNIGHT IN THE SHOPS

R EMPLOYERS.



It's medicine someday for Peter Howells, 14, and Patrick Hamilton, 15, so, in a Hemel Hempstead hospital, Nurse Rita Casey begins their education in radiology.

By R. C. Capes and R. S. Davies

which every boy needs." In fact, the boys did not merely learn a job: they learned about men and women, working conditions, and team spirit.

In the sphere of local government, the hospitals, fire station, and police attracted most. "I always thought that the firemen only had to clean the engines and wait for a fire," said one of the 12 boys posted to the local fire station, "but I know now how hard the men have to work."

The police offered the boys a "course." One young aspirant to the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, who later took his headmaster's fingerprints, said: "I have not worked a single day without feeling more and more that police is the work for me."



Other boys worked on a housing project as mates to bricklayers, plasterers, and carpenters, and saw that the jumble of men and materials in such an operation "is, in reality,

a vast skilled process by which a house is built in the quickest, most reliable manner."

It was interesting to notice how the boys' views changed. After the shyness of the first few days had worn off, came the exciting realization that their employers were, after all, merely human. One youngster of 14 graciously classed the dentist under whom he worked as "quite a normal person," and said that "When he asked me to mix the amalgam for a filling, my reactions were more than joyful, and I went to the clinic as often as I could." Most of the boys, it should be noted, will go into the professions, office work, and civil service. Few will become artisans and perhaps none of them a laborer.

It was the coöperation and enterprise of the people of Hemel Hempstead—including the town's 27 Rotarians—which assured the success of the experiment. Rotarians in an engineering works, a brush factory, a stone masonry, and municipal offices opened their

establishments to the lads. The Rotary Club welcomed the writers, who were in charge of the experiment, to a weekly meeting where we were privileged to tell of the William Ellis School and of its philanthropist founder who specified in the original charter that social science should always hold a privileged position in the teaching of the school.

Mayor A. L. Selden and Town Clerk C. W. G. T. Kirk, both Rotarians, helped in their official capacities and as Rotarians, the former presiding at a meeting of parents where the experiences of the boys and the employers were exchanged.

The complaint of the boys was mainly limited to one: that the time given to the project was only two weeks. Their opinion was echoed by the employers. All agreed with the managing director of Brocks Fireworks when he said: "It cannot fail to give a more balanced approach to the boy's first engagement in commerce or industry."



*There's a brush with the law . . . and then—rescue? Or a career in crime?*

THE mother was trying to explain why her boy, the apple of her eye, had amazingly gone wrong.

"All I know," she said, shaking her head, "is that whatever school we put him in, within two weeks he has associated himself with the worst element in that school."

We checked into the boy's background. Gradually, through our psychiatrist, a skilled case worker, the dean, and myself, we pieced together his story. It was a tale of one-sided love, of crippling affection, that would have startled that too-devoted mother. If we had told her she was criminal in raising that son, she would have been tearful and resentful. But criminal she was.

Her ambition had been to give her boy perfect manners. He had been made to help around the house, although many of these small tasks had seemed to him effeminate and degrading. When time came for him to join a Boy Scout troop, his father took him to the meeting and called to bring him home. No effort was spared to save that boy from being polluted by contact with ordinary earthly mortals, the products of less careful homes.

By the time this milk-fed boy reached high school he was untrained and unfit to compete with boys of his own age. Games and

# WHAT 10,000 BOYS HAVE TAUGHT ME

By Harold F. Strong

*Executive Director, Children's Village,  
Dobbs Ferry, New York*

As Told to Fred B. Barton

sports were foreign to him. In studies he was less than average, although he had excelled in grade school. Activities that should have been normal and routine frightened him. He was overlooked by the leaders of his class who rightfully should have been his peers.

Lost, discouraged, lonesome, he started "buying" his friends. His week's allowance permitted him to purchase the interest of cheap hangers-on. When his allowance was exhausted, he started taking money from home, then began stealing money from house guests and neighbors. He had a set of keys made for his father's car and drove it on surreptitious rides, to impress his expensive pals.

When a host of traffic violations on top of his petty thefts could no longer be hushed up, his frantic parents asked the judge of domestic court to send him somewhere where he could be straightened out. He was not a "bad" boy, they insisted. After all, hadn't they done *everything* for him? Everything, they might have said, except give the boy a sense of security and personal self-respect with his own age groups. He could be polite to his mother's bridge guests, but he couldn't "rub elbows" with kids his age. He'd never had the chance to learn.

When we find such a black sheep in a good family, we always suspect faulty home training.

Parents tell us, "We can't understand why Joe, our younger boy, went wrong. Joe and John had the same training."

But did they? When the elder boy, John, was born, the family put him to work naturally helping his father run the house. He

had a place in whatever was going on. As the family grew prosperous, these home chores became less important. When Joe came along, the activities of the household had been delegated largely to servants. John had achieved a place in the home which Joe never was able to match. Inevitably a strong rivalry ensued. Joe began to reach outside the family circle for activities that would feed his pride. That brought him in time in conflict with the law.

You can put it down in your book that if a boy is not happy living his home life, he's going to achieve happiness by smoking a reefer or taking a drink or robbing a 5-and-10-cent store. Whatever it takes to impress the group of friends he adopts, he will do.

These parents who through

*"I've got it!" Sports are the great safety valve for explosive energy.*



Photo: Roberts

stubborn love impose an arbitrary way of life upon their sons! I remember a boy, son of a hard-working immigrant. The first two children in that household were daughters. When the boy came along, he wanted to be a mechanic. The father sputtered: "All my life I've worked hard, worked with my hands. I want you to be a professor. *You* study books, like your sisters do!"

The boy came to us after a long history of heartbreaks at home and the resultant small escapades with the law. We found the boy had an I. Q. of 78. And knew it.

"I'm dumb," he said. "Don't put me in school. Put me in the shop."

We started him in our auto mechanics' school. He had considerable skill with his hands and was a ready worker. He found presently that the other kids in the shop were learning out of books such things as ignition temperatures and the whole theory of internal-combustion engines.



*So the boy has mechanical ability? Has he also a chance to develop it?*

At his request we started him in school. Having climbed one hurdle he reached out naturally for the next. That boy went on to make a success as service manager of a large Ford agency.

What straightens a boy out may be something brief and almost insignificant. I remember a dull, heavy-set lad named Ray. Our agricultural instructor was telling his pupils that farm tractors sometimes turn over backward and crush the driver. "The

front end isn't very heavy," he explained.

So four or five fellows in the class tugged and jerked, but couldn't lift those front wheels. Ray stepped over, planted his feet securely, gave a powerful heave, and lifted the front end as easily as Jean Valjean had hoisted the farmer's cart.

"Gee, look what a strong man Ray is," said his mates. Word went around the school. Ray found he was a hero. It was a sensation new to him. The glow of pride acted on his bruised and shrunken spirit like sunshine and rain on a stunted plant. His re-conversion dated from that moment.

Likewise any similar setback can sour a boy like Ray on the world. It is sobering to think on what small incidents a boy's future life may hinge. A sudden outburst of temper from a parent, a lack of sympathy at a needed moment, a sense of being laughed at by his mates—these things can



*"See the birdie!" Many a lad keeps wholesomely busy with photography.*

rob a boy of the feeling of security he wants and needs. He yearns to have a place in the sun: to be normal and wanted. Instead, his father and mother spend their time bickering and arguing over money matters, or in excessive drinking, or in expensive card playing. When his parents' conduct proves unacceptable, he starts going wild.

But a boy doesn't turn to the things that society doesn't like until he proves unsuccessful in

what society would like him to do. The boy who runs away from school, gangs up with local toughies, starts stealing and doing other things to impress his new mates, has first found himself uncomfortable and insecure at home. He is unable to get satisfaction out of doing the things he is supposed to do. Clashes with the law are usually born out of an emotional upset at home; or perhaps he hasn't had the training to compete with boys his own age.

Contrary to general belief, I am not unduly alarmed over the menace of liquor, or comic books, or lurid movies, or sex. These are secondary features only. If a boy's resistance is high, he wades through these temptations without much danger.

But put a boy in an underprivileged community with no playgrounds—give him a poor parental example and no encouragement at home—then you can start an infection on which such things as crime movies can feed.



*For a properly rounded life, correct stress should be placed on religion.*

In the movies he sees fantasy—he doesn't see life. He sees many unwholesome pictures and thrillers which are sometimes good diversion for a person weighed down by a problem, but sometimes suggest crazy ideas to a boy looking for satisfaction in his life.

And so it is with liquor, and such things as marijuana cigarettes and crime literature. An already unhappy boy becomes subject to these infections for



## Looking Back 25 Years

What was happening in Rotary 25 years ago? These brief excerpts from the files of "The Rotarian" for August, 1923, touch upon some of the high lights:

Guy Gundaker, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was elected President of Rotary International at the Convention held in St. Louis, Missouri.



Harding

Featured speaker at the Convention was Warren G. Harding.

President of the United States. He said, "If I could plant a Rotary Club in every community throughout the world, I would do it, and then I would guarantee the tranquillity and the forward march of the world."

The Convention address of Sherman Rogers, of New York City, on personal contact and the labor problem, was reprinted in "The Reader's Digest"—and was included 18 years later in the "Digest's 20th Anniversary Anthology," as one of its most-commented upon articles.

Elbert Hubbard II told the story behind the story of "A Message to Garcia," which his father had written a quarter of a century before. (The same story was told in "The Rotarian" for April, 1948.)

There was another familiar by-line. Harry Botsford, who authored a piece for the July, 1948, issue, had an article on fishing.

Rotarians attending the Convention participated in special services conducted by the Rotary Club of Springfield, Illinois, at the tomb of Abraham Lincoln.

An item reported that the Everglades was crossed by a "flivver" expedition of 25 cars. It was headed by Ora E. Chapin, a Past President of the Fort Myers, Florida, Rotary Club.

lack of a satisfaction out of what he is doing.

A boy's environment is made up of a number of people: his family, his church, his Scout troop, and other groups. If he succeeds in one group, he passes on, clockwise, to the next group, in a happy frame of mind. But if somewhere an "infection" sets in, if he is sent out frustrated, rejected, untrained, feeling inferior, then the infection gets going in counter-clockwise manner. Then he becomes ill adjusted in every department of his life.

At Children's Village we aim to straighten out such a boy by placing him in a controlled environment. We don't restrict the boy, but we do control his surroundings. We keep him busy. If we can relieve the tension first in the departments where the boy has been bruised and made tender, we hope to bring him to the point where he can go out and compete in everyday living with his mates. We try to do this within a couple of years: it is no part of our program to keep a boy till he becomes institutionalized.

I like to reassure parents who always worry about contagion.

"My boy might be associated with boys who have done worse things than he has," more than one devoted mother has admitted to me. "I'm afraid at your school he will learn really bad habits."

My answer is, "Doing wrong isn't a matter of knowledge. It's a matter of conforming to the pattern of your peers, and the pattern of those older whom you respect."

If we place a boy in a cottage where perversion is frowned upon, we are not going to worry about his engaging in such practices as mutual masturbation. If he has been a shoplifter and we put him in a cottage where light-fingeredness is definitely unpopular, we don't worry that he won't go straight. A boy's inborn tendency is to conform.

If a boy suffers from that disease of immaturity known as bedwetting, we place him in an environment where first of all he is not made fun of and where he begins to be busy in class and games and shop work. Gradually he begins to grow up. If he has lived in a child-world where he

has enjoyed being babied because he wet the bed and mother fussed over him, we try to bring him into a man-world where he doesn't need to be a nuisance to attract attention. With patience, a cure can often be won.

Winning a boy's confidence and friendship—and this is something many fathers might well learn, I think—calls for accepting the boy as he is, without criticism. You must show the boy you are not censoring him for his way of life, but you're not adopting his way of life, either.

I've known boys who say, "Want a pie? Don't buy it—only suckers buy things. I'll get it for you."

Sure enough, he comes home with the pie.

Then your job, as an adult, is to say very politely, "Thanks, but if I'm going to eat pie, I'll pay for it." Make the boy realize he doesn't have to show how smart he is by stealing. Let him discover that people he likes and respects either pay for what they get or do without. But you don't do this by ridicule, or punishment, or by hurting his pride.

YEAR by year we are learning that there are no permanently "bad" boys. Today at institutions like the Children's Village (and I hate that word institution) we manage to save from reformatories and penitentiaries many misfit lads who in more reckless years would have gone on to jail. We can't salvage them all, of course. Sometimes the effort itself is a heartbreak. Often the father is more at fault than is the boy. Show me a boy from a good home who becomes a black sheep and, I think, invariably I can find you something faulty in his early training. The pity is that so many fathers are failing to provide the sympathy, the encouragement, the feeling of security, so vital in every boy's life.

As Frederick H. Ecker, chairman of the board of directors of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and president of Children's Village, says, too many fathers are trying to make a part-time job out of what ought to be a full-time job. I hope Rotarian fathers of teen-age boys can take the warning in time.

## Typical Views of a Typical Rotary-Sponsored Pet Show



*This Chihuahua is the "smallest dog."*



*Bewitched Angel Face, "ugliest dog."*



*"Best presentation" and "largest cat."*



*This shepherd, Wolf, is "largest dog."*



*Co-winners of "smallest cat" ribbon.*



*Star of Faith "does the most tricks."*



*Joe the parrot is the "prettiest pet."*



*Silkworms are "most unusual pet."*

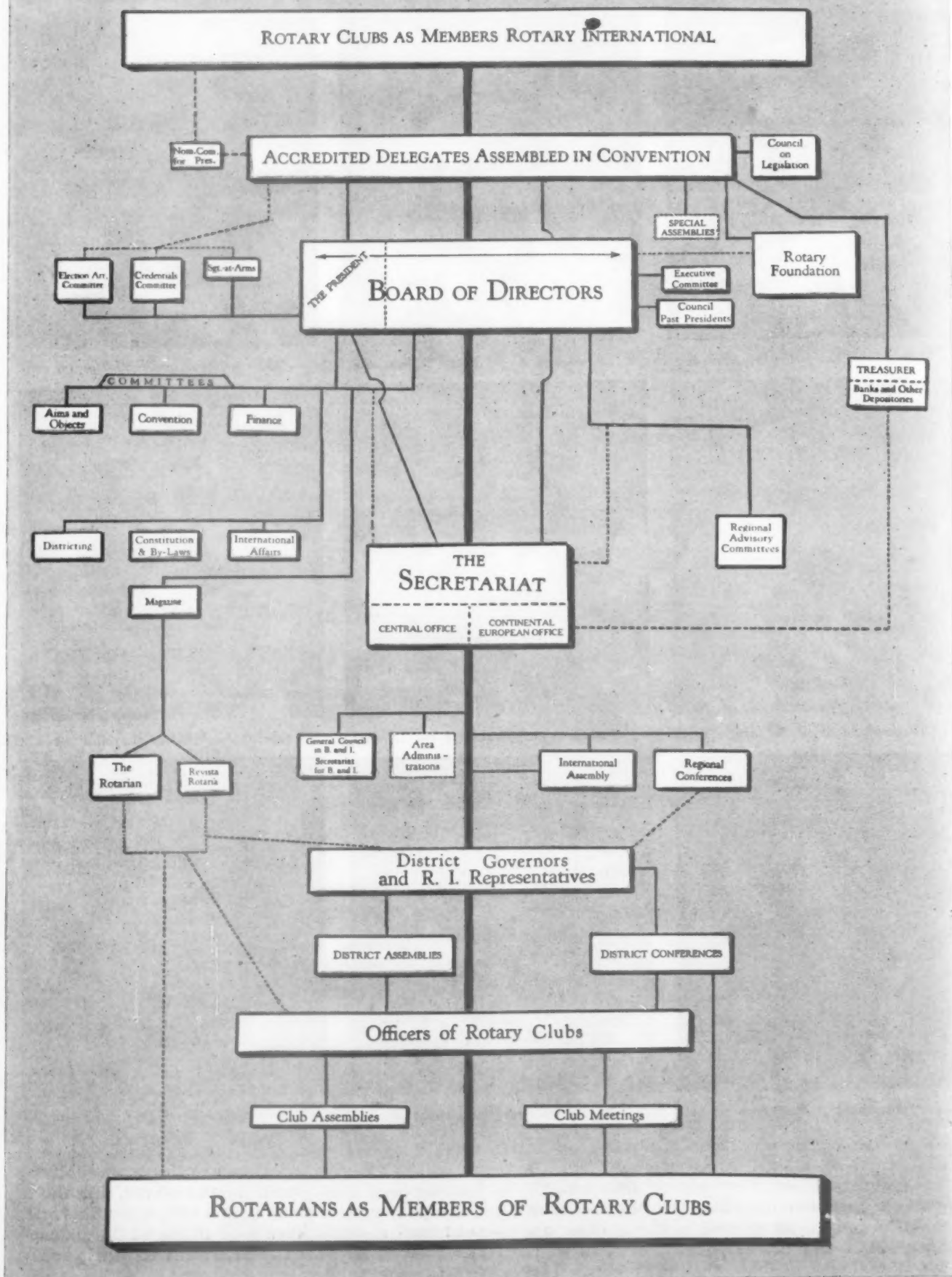


*Photos: Daytona Beach "News-Journal"  
A two-day-old kid is "the cutest."*

EVERY child likes pets! And typical of the way scores of Rotary Clubs have proved that was the show staged by Rotarians of Daytona Beach, Florida. Some 5,000 persons—dads and mothers, older and younger sisters and brothers—trooped in to watch costumed youngsters show their 125 pets. They

ranged from worms and grasshoppers to horses. Performing dogs entertained, a band played, and there was a parade. Had there been a ribbon for the "first pet home" it would have gone to one of the six carrier pigeons which winged straight for their roost just as soon as the show was over.

# General Organization Rotary International





# Busy Men with Work to Do

THEY'LL GIVE FREELY OF TIME AND EFFORT

IN THE TWELVE MONTHS AHEAD—DOING YEOMAN TASKS FOR ROTARY.

**T**HE chart on the opposite page tells the story of Rotary the organization. But behind those white panels are real people. And here we name some of them.

They are new members of most of the "RI" Committees—as announced by President Angus S. Mitchell, of Melbourne, Australia.

## Aims and Objects

A. Z. Baker, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A., Chairman.

CLUB SERVICE MEMBER: L. Thurston Harshman, Glendale, Calif., U.S.A. *Alternate*: Helgi Tomasson, Reykjavik, Iceland.

VOCATIONAL SERVICE MEMBER: H. V. Churchill, New Kensington, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. *Alternate*: J. H. van Mameren, Apeldoorn, The Netherlands.

COMMUNITY SERVICE MEMBER: Antonio B. Cavalcanti, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. *Alternate*: Pierre Yvert, Amiens, France.

INTERNATIONAL SERVICE MEMBER: Harold T. Thomas, Auckland, New Zealand. *Alternate*: Arthur Lagueux, Quebec, Quebec, Canada.

## Canadian Advisory

Joseph A. Caulder, Toronto, Ontario, Chairman.

H. E. Carrier, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

Herbert Clark, Trail, British Columbia.

Fred J. R. Forster, Stratford, Ontario.

Hall J. Popham, Ottawa, Ontario.

H. Ward Murdock, Truro, Nova Scotia.

Gordon Perdue, Oakville, Ontario, ex officio as Rotary International Director from Canada.

## Finance

Arthur S. FitzGerald, Windsor, Ontario, Canada, Chairman.

Carl E. Bolte, Kansas City, Missouri, U.S.A.

Francis A. Kettaneh, Beirut, Lebanon.

Armando de Arruda Pereira, São Paulo, Brazil.

Herbert Schofield, Loughborough, England.

## Constitution and By-Laws

Frank T. McCoy, Pawhuska, Oklahoma, U.S.A., Chairman.

William S. Eddy, Marysville, Kansas, U.S.A.

Frank E. Spain, Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A.

## International Affairs

Harold T. Thomas, Auckland, New Zealand, Chairman.

Charles C. Byers, London, England.

Ben M. Cherrington, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

Fritz Gysin, Zurich, Switzerland.

Arthur Lagueux, Quebec, Quebec, Canada.

Hugh M. Tiner, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

## Magazine

Ed. R. Johnson, Roanoke, Virginia, U.S.A., Chairman.

Adolph Klein, Newton, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Merritt Owens, Kansas City, Kansas, U.S.A.

Jorge Roa Martinez, Pereira, Colombia.

Harry F. Russell, Hastings, Nebraska, U.S.A. (Board member).

## Rotary Foundation Fellowships

Leo E. Golden, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., Chairman.

Daniel L. Marsh, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

J. H. B. Young, Canterbury, England.

## Youth

Robert A. Manchester, Youngstown, Ohio, U.S.A., Chairman.

Guy M. Catlin, Randolph, Vermont, U.S.A.

Harry P. Field, Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.

Arthur C. Hunt, Wood River, Illinois, U.S.A.

Prentiss A. Rowe, San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

## 1949 Convention

Porter W. Carswell, Waynesboro, Georgia, U.S.A., Chairman.

A. Z. Baker, Cleveland, Ohio,

U.S.A. (ex officio as Chairman of the Aims and Objects Committee).

Rilea W. Doe, Oakland, California, U.S.A.

Horacio Navarrete, Havana, Cuba.

Datus E. Proper, San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A.

Louis L. Roth, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A.

## 1950 Convention

Walter Shultz, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A., Chairman.

A. Z. Baker, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. (ex officio as Chairman of the Aims and Objects Committee).

Arthur L. Beck, Buffalo, New York, U.S.A.

J. Phil Burns, Fairview, Oklahoma, U.S.A.

Harry M. Smith, Winter Garden, Florida, U.S.A.

Mark Stanford, London, England

## Districting

Ralph S. Dunne, Bala-Cynwyd, Narberth, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., Chairman.

D. D. Monroe, Clayton, New Mexico, U.S.A.

(One member of 1948-49 Board, to be appointed by the Board.)

## Extension

Lawrence M. Hirsig, Jacksonville, Florida, U.S.A., Chairman.

Frank E. Allen, Burlingame, California, U.S.A.

Fred R. Burley, Sydney, Australia.

William J. Cairns, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

Adolfo Casablanca, Rosario, Argentina.

Mort Greenstone, Paris, Tennessee, U.S.A.

Heikki H. Herlin, Helsingfors, Finland.

Benny H. Hughes, Beaumont, Texas, U.S.A.

Manuel Leon Ortega, Mexico City, Mexico.

Fram P. Pocha, Poona, India.

Laurence W. Robinson, Mitchell, South Dakota, U.S.A.

W. Blair Tennent, Palmerston North, New Zealand.

## THE OBJECTS OF ROTARY

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

# This Rotary Month

## News Notes from 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago

**Rio Reflections.** Gerald C. Keeler, Rotary's new Convention Manager, has been doing some figuring.

... Registered at Rotary's Convention in Rio de Janeiro were 1,461 of Brazil's 4,650 Rotarians. That's 31.4 percent. In the U.S.A. are 217,215 Rotarians; if they should register at the 1949 Convention in New York in the same ratio, there would be 68,206 U.S.A. Rotarians present. If they should bring guests in the same ratio as did Brazilian

Rotarians, there would be 170,515—or a total U.S.A. paid attendance of 238,720!

**ILO Observer.** Almon E. Roth, lawyer and Past President of Rotary International, was Rotary's "observer" at the International Labor Organization sessions which convened June 17 in his home city, San Francisco, Calif.

**MAO Office Closes.** The term "MAO," which has meant "Middle Asia Office" in Rotary parlance, is now useful historically only. MAO was closed June 30. The region will now be served from the Central Office in Chicago, as are all other regions in Asia, Australia, and New Zealand. Assistant Secretary George R. Means, who has been in charge of MAO, will return to the Central Office for special assignment.

**Resolution.** One of its last acts was adoption by the 1947-48 RI Board of a resolution of appreciation to the now Immediate Past President, S. Kendrick Guernsey, of Jacksonville, Fla. It reviewed achievements of the year and, "as one worker to another," Board members told Ken "we feel privileged to have worked under your leadership."

**Running Start.** Since April 1, when Angus S. Mitchell became the President-Nominee of Rotary, he has been intensively preparing for his "big year," which started July 1. His major Committee appointments are listed on page 39. In the interim between the Rio Convention and the July Board meetings, he made informal, unannounced visits to the Rotary Clubs of Elgin, Aurora, Wilmette, and Evanston, Ill., and spent a week visiting with the Guernseys in Jacksonville, Fla. Late in July he started a tour which will take him to Northwestern United States and Canada, Alaska, and northern California before he returns to Chicago in mid-September. A round-the-world trip is in prospect, beginning in October via Texas, Central America, South America, Africa, India, Malaya, Australia, and New Zealand.

**Personnelia.** Philip Lovejoy, RI General Secretary, is now also Secretary of the Rotary Foundation. . . . Walter Panzar, in charge of the Zurich Office of the Secretariat, has become an Assistant Secretary of RI. . . . Gerald C. Keeler became Convention Manager of RI on July 1.

**Meetings.** The Board and the Districting, Magazine, Youth, International Affairs, and Aims and Objects Committees met in Chicago in July—but too late for reports in this issue. Next on the Rotary calendar are sessions of the Rotary Foundation Trustees, Council of Past Presidents, and the Finance, International Affairs, and Aims and Objects Committees in Chicago during the month of October.

**Vital Statistics.** Total number of Rotary Clubs: 6,540. Estimated total number of Rotarians: 320,000. Number of new and readmitted Clubs since July 1, 1947: 338 in 37 countries. All figures as of July 1.

John T. Frederick

## Speaking of Books—

ABOUT SERVICE TO ONE'S  
FELLOW'S . . . EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE  
RELATIONS . . . A VAGABOND.

**E**VEN if I were not myself a member of Rotary\* and were not writing primarily for Rotarian readers, I would want to review and to recommend *Service Is My Business*, a book prepared by the Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International, and published by the organization. I would urge that this book be read by every businessman and professional worker, indeed by every thoughtful citizen of the democratic world. For Rotarians, the reading of this book is at once a privilege and a duty.

Essentially, *Service Is My Business* is an application of Rotary's Second Object—Vocational Service—to our modern world and our individual lives. First of all, this book is good reading. Its pages are lively with good stories, with anecdotes that really illustrate, with memorable specific examples. It is written with an easy vitality, a blending of clarity, forcefulness, and informality rare in writing of this kind: qualities that can proceed only from the sincerity of the writers and their dedication to doing a good job. This is one of the reasons why I call the reading of it a privilege.

*Service Is My Business* is remarkable for the thoroughness and forthrightness with which it examines and applies the principle of Vocational Service. A brief introduction gives the historical background, tracing the development of this concept as one of the basic principles of Rotary. This is followed by chapters on relations with competitors, on the ethics of advertising and salesmanship, on relations with employees, on the opportunities and responsibilities of the individual Rotarian as businessman, professional man, member of society. In all these chapters general principles are brought down to earth and given immediate point and meaning through the actual experience of Rotarians the world over. A Chinese Rotarian narrates an example of a high standard of vocational ethics on the part of a rickshaw puller; a South African District

Governor describes the development of works councils among native employees; the inspiring "Combined Operations" programs of many Rotary Clubs in the British Isles are fully described. The reader is never left at a loss for an answer to the question "What does this mean, what can it mean, in the plain terms of action?"

Two things I like most of all about this book. The first is its candor, its forthrightness, the proof both of vision and courage. The men who wrote this book don't belong to the ostrich persuasion. They see the dangers in the world today, and they aren't afraid to name and face them. On a striking example of unfair competition based on exploitation of employees they make this comment: "Situations such as this create the impelling need for Vocational Service if business generally and a free society are to be saved from utter ruin." The chapter "A Clarion Call" quotes one spokesman of Rotary: "This is a time of change, a time when as never before in our lifetime we have the opportunity in the midst of uncertainty to create a world in which conflict and class war shall give place to friendship and coöperation, a world which shall satisfy and not frustrate the toiling millions. . . . A new world is being born, and we in Rotary must make the endeavor to understand the times in which we live or the tides of history will sweep past us and we shall never know why. We can create the future or be broken by it. We can be pioneers or failures. The choice is ours."

A second quality of *Service Is My Business* which I value most highly is that suggested by the personal pronoun in the title: the degree to which



*This book, says Reviewer Frederick, is "an application of Rotary's Second Object to . . . our individual lives."*

it drives home its message in terms which we can apply and use, each one of us, in his own life and work.

This is a personal book. I think every Rotarian will share my experience in reading it: the feeling, again, and again, "This is for me." This is why I hope every Rotarian will read it. If we do, with the earnest attention it deserves, both Rotary and our daily work are going to mean more to us, be more interesting and more rewarding, than ever before.

Rightly, as it seems to me, the authors of *Service Is My Business* have given especially searching attention to the current problems of relationship between employer and employee. Readers who are concerned with this subject—as so many Rotarians are—can find valuable supplementary treatments of it in two new books which are eminently thoughtful, well written, and constructive: *The Management of Men*, by Ronald B. Shuman, and *Why Men Work*, by Alexander R. Heron.

The authors of these books see as clearly as do those of *Service Is My Business* the dangers that face us today. Mr. Heron, an industrialist and large-scale employer, puts the matter this way: "We cherish the right to buy what

\*Reviewer Frederick is a member of the Rotary Club of Alpena, Michigan.—Eds.



we choose, and equally the right to choose what kind of work we will do, where, when, and at what price. We are in danger of losing these two essential freedoms." Mr. Shuman, who is chairman of the Department of Business Management at the University of Oklahoma, states the issue even more pointedly: "Lack of a positive capitalistic philosophy in recent years has laid private management of economic affairs open to severe criticism by shrewd and vocal groups, but the continuance of private enterprise depends far more upon what management does than upon what opponents of the system have to say. If private enterprise succumbs . . . it will be by suicide, it seems likely, rather than by assassination."

It is strikingly, even conclusively, significant that the authors of these three books arrive at the same essential conclusion: that employees are not commodities and not machines, but men and women; that the relation between employer and employee must be a human relation. In its hopeful and constructive aspect, this conclusion is stated by Mr. Heron in words immensely suggestive and worth pondering: "Wherever workers have free access to information, free opportunity to think about their work, and free channels through which to make their thinking effective, they give living demonstrations of why we work."

Practical means of attaining this goal, in business and industry of every size and kind, are suggested and discussed in all three of these books. They are means that are proving successful in many organizations, large and small, where employers are both far-seeing and sincere. It is not too much to say that in the hands of such men, to whom Vocational Service is a living reality, lies the hope not only of free enterprise, but of a free world.

It is something of a tradition in this department that when the August days of heat and vacations come along, we shall take a look at some of the new novels that may be good for Summer reading. Of the hundreds of novels published in the past few months, I'll speak here of three that I have enjoyed and felt worth reading.

*Tobias Brandywine*, by Dan Wickenden, might be called in some degree an old-fashioned novel: the title itself is suggestively different from those of the current fashion. It is even something of a romance, in the old and true sense of that much-abused word. Viewed objectively, it isn't wholly probable that a nameless vagabond should be received freely and lastingly in the most exclusive mansion of a small American city, that he should become the trusted companion of an ageing senator who has devoted much of his life to ruining

those of his children, that he should turn out to be—but I won't spoil the story by telling you what he turns out to be. The point is that, both as to this central situation and as to some of the characters which show the results of a loving amelioration of reality, the reader experiences what has been called "a willing suspension of disbelief." Yet *Tobias Brandywine* touches the world of today and yesterday searchingly, with meaning, especially in its portrayal of young men and women who came to maturity in the years of the 1930s.

This is a book to read slowly and at leisure, like those of Dickens and De

### BOOKS are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind.

—Joseph Addison

Morgan, savoring the phrasing and detail. It is a warming and heartening book, a book so easy, so unassuming, so marked by the writer's own pleasure in his story that one does not realize its breadth and solidity, its integrity, until he looks back over it as a whole. It offers a reading experience to enjoy not only at first contact, but in memory as well.

In his widely read novel *Storm*, George R. Stewart achieved the novelty of making a weather disturbance the central character of an absorbing and substantial story. His new novel, *Fire*, is frankly a companion piece, with a forest fire in northern California as the protagonist. Inevitably Mr. Stewart's method loses a little by repetition; this is not so strikingly and immediately impressive a book as *Storm*, but it is a better novel. Few readers will fail to be moved and held by the intricate drama of a great forest fire as Stewart presents it. Few will not find that this book adds vastly to their understanding of what a forest fire means, and their knowledge of how it is fought. Though the love story which gives this book a unity lacking in *Storm* is a bit unconvincing, it is inoffensive and receives little attention. The book's real strength—apart from its brilliant narrative description of the fire itself and the fight against it—and the source of its definite superiority to *Storm*, lie in the characterization of two men, the ageing forest ranger in whose district the fire occurs, and his superior, the superintendent of the forest. Both are presented with great insight and with genuine dramatic power.

A lighter novel, but one that offers something more than entertainment, is *Something's Got to Give*, by Marion Hargrove—known to millions of readers as

the author of *See Here, Private Hargrove*. It is the story of what happens to two likable and believable American families when the two young wives and mothers get a successful idea for a radio program. The resulting situations give opportunity for some sharp and pretty effective satire, directed primarily toward radio advertising, but dwelling also on not a few other aspects of our society. Though I was at first distressed by the tendency of all the characters to talk like Marion Hargrove, I was ultimately persuaded of something in this book both sincere and authentic. It isn't merely devoted to making rather devastating fun of radio advertising, columnists, made-to-order gardens, and night-club "society"; it says some sound and important things about such fundamental things as homes and marriages and families, and says them well for all its fun.

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Of the making of new anthologies there seems to be no end. Quite the most enjoyable for many readers will be *Cats in Prose and Verse*, compiled by Nelson Antrim Crawford. Mr. Crawford has given to this work not only rare editorial judgment, and the taste of a real creative writer, but the devotion and insight of one who knows and admires cats. The result is a collection of utmost variety and unfailing delight. Whether or not you are especially interested in cats, you will find a wealth of good reading in this book. If a cat is an important member of your household, this book is practically obligatory.

Modern versions of the ancient theme of transformation have been collected by A. C. Sectorsky in *Man into Beast*, another anthology which maintains a high literary standard. Ben Hecht, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Franz Kafka are among the writers represented.

*The Questing Spirit* is an anthology of modern treatments of religion and religious subjects in short stories, poems, and other forms of writing, edited by Halford E. Luccock and Frances Brentano. *Unseen Harvests*, edited by Claude M. Fuess and Emory S. Basford, is a collection of literary presentations of teachers and teaching. In both these large books the editors have done their work well. I can promise you in their pages many hours of good reading.

\*\*\*

**Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:**  
*Service Is My Business* (Rotary International, \$1; ten or more, 75c each).—*The Management of Men*, Ronald B. Shuman (University of Oklahoma Press, \$3).—*Why Men Work*, Alexander E. Heron (Stanford University Press, \$2.75).—*Tobias Brandywine*, Dan Wickenden (Morrow, \$3).—*Fire*, George R. Stewart (Random House, \$3).—*Something's Got to Give*, Marion Hargrove (Sloane, \$3).—*Cats in Prose and Verse*, Nelson Antrim Crawford (Coward McCann, \$5).—*Man into Beast*, A. C. Sectorsky (Doubleday, \$3.75).—*The Questing Spirit*, edited by Halford E. Luccock and Frances Brentano (Coward McCann, \$5).—*Unseen Harvests*, edited by Claude M. Fuess and Emory S. Basford (Macmillan, \$5).

# Peeps at Things to Come

PRESENTED BY HILTON IRA JONES, PH.D.

■ **Better Tire Treads.** Still in the experimental stage, a new man-made rubber has proved better for tire treads than the best natural rubber. By combining the usual ingredients at subfreezing temperatures instead of the normal heat (125° F.) the properties, as shown in preliminary tests, are improved. But it will be some time before this rubber appears in new tires!

■ **Fire Extinguisher.** A new extinguisher which holds four pounds of dry chemical, and which is perfectly safe and fully approved by the Underwriters Laboratory, is especially recommended for fires in inflammable liquids, gases, solids, and electrical equipment, as well as for petroleum fires and in ordinary combustibles. It seems ideally suited as an extinguisher to carry in an automobile.

■ **Oven Pan.** A new type of cake pan bakes on top of a gas stove instead of in the oven. Of course, it bakes equally well with an electric stove. It is very convenient because it enables a housewife to bake a cake when the oven is full. It really does the job easier and quicker than the old-fashioned baking method. The peculiar construction of the pan makes it possible to bake a cake on the top of the stove without guesswork and with the certainty that the best possible results will be obtained.

■ **Kitchen Tongs.** A kitchen device that seems capable of handling a hot plate or pan of practically any size, shape, or construction can also be used to crack nuts, shave or crack ice, or tenderize meat—and besides it has the general uses of a pair of tongs! It seems to have at least two advantages over other pot lifters: first, it is made of heavy metal and is so strong and rugged that it should last a lifetime; second, being of stainless steel, it will never rust or tarnish.

■ **Preserving Cut Flowers.** Because some years ago we developed a double-spray process for preserving flowers, we are much interested both in the triple treatment which is said to preserve cut flowers indefinitely and even more in the simpler and cheaper single treatment which lengthens the life of most cut flowers several times. For example, gardenias, which develop a yellowish-brown color in a few hours at room temperature, remain in excellent condition for 24 to 36 hours after being treated. Treatment with a 10 percent dispersion of latex cuts evaporation loss by about 50 percent. The dispersion can be applied by ordinary air-compressor equipment, by a hand

spray, or by dipping. It evaporates quickly and leaves a film less than one-thousandth of an inch thick which is perfectly transparent and possesses a very low moisture-vapor transmission coefficient.

■ **Silicone Rubber Sponge.** A disadvantage of rubber sponges to date has been the fact that they tend to get brittle and lose their elasticity at low temperatures and become sticky at high temperatures. It has now been found possible to make such sponges of silicones and produce "rubber" sponges that retain their full flexibility at temperatures as low as -70° F. or as high as 500° F. The great use of such sponge rubber has been for mounting delicate instruments and machinery for reducing vibration as well as for insulating ovens against heat losses and airplane cockpits against the cold of high-altitude flying. Of course, such sponge "rubber" can be molded into all sorts of shapes as well as extruded into sheets and irregular shapes.

■ **Knife Grinder.** Operating on a new principle, the blade of a new knife grinder for the home is automatically supported at the correct grinding angle by the slanting inner faces of two plastic wheels mounted on each side of a fine-grain aluminum-oxide grindstone. By a simple push and pull on the knife, the device rolls back and forth on the table, rotating the grindstone against the edge of the blade. Five to ten strokes on each side restores a perfect cutting edge.

■ **Rear Glare Filter.** For a long time many automobile drivers have used filters for headlight glare from approaching cars, but often the glare of

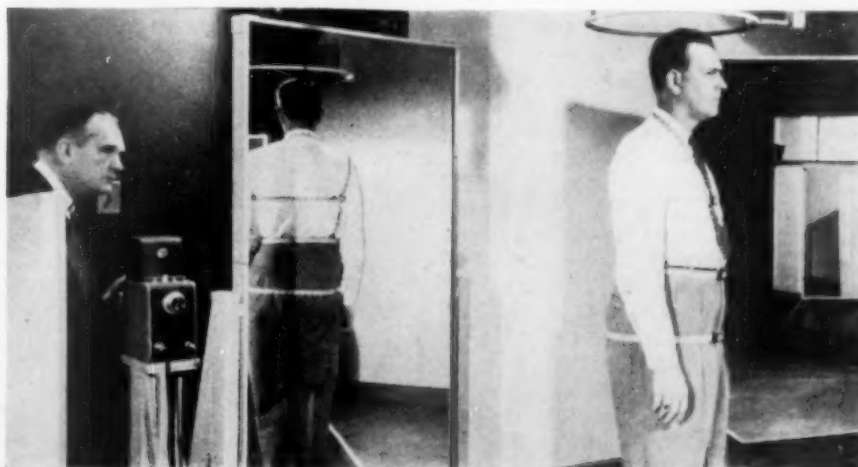
cars coming up from behind in the rear vision mirror is nearly as bad. Now mirror filters actually filter the glare from the car behind twice before it reaches the eyes of the driver, while all secondary reflections are cast overhead. The mirror filter is simplicity itself and is quickly attached to any rear view mirror. A flick of the driver's finger brings it down into proper position.

■ **Emergency Tire Inflator.** Nothing arouses a motorist's ire more quickly than to be caught on the open road with a flat tire. Here is something which may help to allay his mental strain: a small 7-by-14-inch steel tank which weighs about seven pounds and which will stand pressures up to 200 pounds. It is carried in the trunk of the car. In case of a "flat," the air in the tank is used to inflate the tire. It contains enough air to inflate at least two ordinary tires, and can be refilled at any garage or filling station. The tank comes complete with valve connections and everything ready to use.

■ **CMC in Soaps.** One problem in washing clothes has always been the re-deposit of the dirt. No matter what is used, after the dirt has been washed out of the fabric into the suds, it always tends to go back into the fabric out of the suds. But now a remedy may be applied to all soaps, synthetics, or mixtures. When the dirt is once washed out of the clothes, this chemical grabs onto it and holds it in solution so that it cannot return to the goods. The compound is CMC (carboxy methyl cellulose). It has been used in solutions that need to be thickened—cosmetics, wave sets, ice cream, etc. It is an emulsion stabilizer. Since the product is both cheap and plentiful, we may see it soon in all sorts of washing compounds.

\* \* \*

Letters to Dr. Jones may be addressed in care of THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



It's done with mirrors—and a camera! This is the latest method of measuring a man for an individually tailored suit, and it achieves such pin-point accuracy that a precise contour scale model of the customer's figure is created. A projection of the model provides the measurements from which the tailor works in making the suit.





A daub of white paint on the trunk of this tree indicates that it is marked for "sudden death," as an undesirable piece of timber. Besides bringing their plots into first-class growing condition, the Tennessee youths—whose ages range from 14 to 20—must keep complete records and make a written report on their project.

## Tim — ber!

WOODLOTS YIELD \$\$  
FOR THESE TENNESSEE BOYS.

ALMOST half of the State of Tennessee is still wooded—48.6 percent of it, to be exact. That's a fine figure, a precious natural resource. But what's ahead for Tennessee forests? Slow depletion?

Something that is happening around Jackson, near the western tip of the State, leads Tennesseans (and me) to think that not destruction but rather a new, long productive life is ahead for Tennessee timber.

Jackson is selling its youth on the idea of saving forests. It began in the local Rotary Club more than a year ago, when Shelby A. Robert, director of agriculture and forestry for the Gulf, Mobile and Ohio Railroad, got up to talk about Tennessee trees. Much of the State's timber, he pointed out, is in large, well-regulated tracts, but another huge portion is found on individual farms. Then he asked fellow Rotarians if they (along with the G. M. & O. road) would like to encourage boys on those farms to give better care to their woodlots.

That's how the woodland improvement contest came into being. Some 50 4-H Club boys and Future Farmers signed up to care for a minimum of an acre of farm woodland for a year. Each contestant had a Rotarian sponsor who inspected his woodlot. In turn, the youth visited Rotary meetings and got acquainted with his sponsor in his place of business. Together the railroad and the Rotary Club had made up a cash-prize fund of \$150 for the best young woodsmen.

I peeked in on the recent awards dinner which wound up the project, and although there were but 15 prizes, every lad was a winner. All had won new knowledge of the potentialities of the vast unprotected wooded areas of the region. Early in the contest they became aware of the importance of their plots as producers of fuel, fence posts, building material for farm structures, as wild-life refuges, and as erosion controls. They realized, from the sale of selected timber, the value of conserving this cash crop.

Man and boy, did they like it? The answer is that the 1948-49 contest is well under way and bigger than ever!

—Yours, THE SCRATCHPAD MAN





"Before" and "after" views of a typical woodlot. In the second photo, note the piles of paper wood, fence posts, and firewood.



Extension Forester J. B. Sharp points out the advantages of clearing the brush away, to give a young oak a chance.



Glen Alexander shows his father what he has learned about measuring the number of board feet of timber in a tree.



Rotarian Shelby A. Robert, instigator of the contest, inspects a pile of firewood which these lads have prepared.



Honorary Rotarian I. B. Tigrett presents identical checks to first-place winners—Jimmy Coplin and Glen Alexander.

# Rotary Reporter

BRIEF ITEMS ON CLUB ACTIVITIES AROUND THE WORLD.



Do they "duck" meetings? Not in Ness City, Kans. Here the President foists a fowl on one who missed and did not make up. He must feed it a week.



Carthage, Tex., Rotarians presented awards to the "outstanding senior boy and girl" in the local school. Center is 1947-48 President T. W. Bingham.



Joe Ross, Past District Governor Roy V. Jordan, and Verne Joy plant one of the nearly 75 trees which Midwest Rotary Clubs have donated for the arboretum of the Centralia, Ill., Club.

**Wheel Flower Will Bloom for Paul** A wheel tree (*Stenocarpus sinuatus*) has been planted in Centennial Park by the Rotary Club of SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, honoring the late Paul P. Harris, Founder and President Emeritus of Rotary International. The blossom of the tree is said to be almost a perfect replica of the Rotary wheel, except that it is bright red in color. The Club is planning to construct a stone seat near-by to harmonize with the beautiful natural surroundings. A large number of Rotarians attended the planting ceremony, and the suggestion was made that an annual pilgrimage be made to the spot.

**Charity Funds 'In the Cards'** All Rotarians in Belgium were recently invited to participate in the fund-raising projects of the Mons and BRUSSELS Clubs. The two Rotary Clubs sponsored bridge tournaments to raise funds to apply toward their charities.

**Industrial Lunches Provide the Answer** When the Rotary Club of HALESOWEN, ENGLAND, was organized four years ago, there was a feeling that class antagonism was acute in industry in its community, and that employer-employee relations could be improved. Feeling that the best approach would be to try to develop acquaintance as an opportunity for service, the Club initiated a program of regular "Industrial lunches." Rotarians were to bring two different employees each time, when Club members were to speak on their trades. The sessions have been so successful that at the most recent one more than 100 guests were present, several Rotarians bringing as many as ten employees.

**Rotary Bridges the Gap to Australia** After trying unsuccessfully for 18 months to secure passage from England to her home in Australia, a crippled woman found her fondest dream came true. But it was not until after the Rotary Club of BRIDGNORTH heard of her plight and went to work. She had gone to Eng-

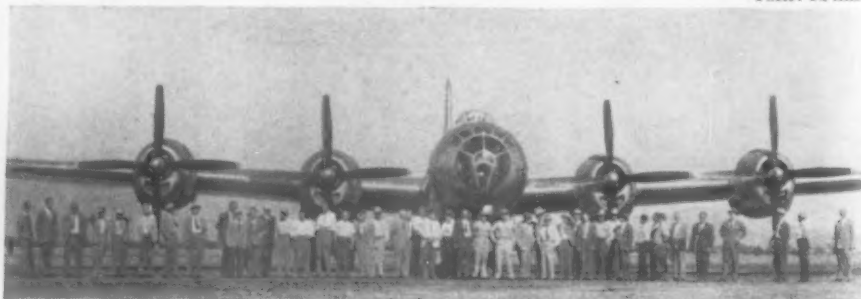
land with her parents before the war, and was booked to sail home the month that World War II broke out. In the meantime both her parents died, and injuries suffered in an accident deprived her of her means of livelihood.

**Barbecue Provides Rural-Urban Cue** A recent meeting of the Rotary Club of RUSSELLVILLE, Ky., went a long way toward realizing one of the Club's main objectives: improvement of rural-urban relationships in Logan County, Tenn. After assembling at the Club rooms, the members motored to a farm yard where an appetizing barbecue was awaiting them under the shade of the trees. They were then taken to the barn where the first calf born in that county through use of artificial insemination was shown. Experts were on hand to explain in detail the technique which many farmers are now using to improve their cattle strains through this process.

Rural-urban relations were improved several degrees by a recent project of the Rotary Club of PERTH, ONT., CANADA. The Club gave 16 flocks of 50 chicks each to rural youths, with the understanding that they care for them and return the four best birds to the Club. A Rotarian was assigned to each contestant and visited him frequently to check up on the progress. A rack of the best-looking cooking chickens was displayed at a recent Rotary meeting, at which the youngsters and their parents were guests of the Club.

**Fellowship . . .** GRIFFIN, GA., Rotarians can take the word of Guy H. Wells, a Rotarian and president of a college in near-by MILLEDGEVILLE, that the gift packages which they dispatched to the Rotary Club in BLACKBURN, ENGLAND, some months ago were wholly and enthusiastically received. Rotarian Wells recently returned from Europe, where he spent several months aiding the American Military Government in setting up new educational procedures in Germany. While in England he addressed the BLACKBURN Club, and he reported that the mere fact that he knew

Photo: US AAF



When they varied the routine by visiting near-by Davis-Monthan Field as guests of Col. James C. Selser, Tucson, Ariz., Rotarians picked up numerous plane facts.



the generous GRIFFIN Rotarians was an open sesame to BLACKBURN hearts and hospitality.

Many cordial friendships are resulting from the international intercity meetings which Rotarians of BELEN, N. MEX., and JUAREZ, MEXICO, have been holding. Several months ago a delegation of 31 from JUAREZ attended a ladies' night affair in BELEN, and six weeks later a group of 47 returned the compliment, as the JUAREZ Club observed its 23d anniversary.

Rotarians of YUMA, ARIZ., are planning to present a large United States flag to the Rotary Club of SAN LUIS, MEXICO, its closest Rotary neighbor. When the SAN LUIS Club was recently organized, Rotarians of YUMA were on hand, as were members of the Clubs of CALEXICO, CALIF., and MEXICALI, MEXICO.

Five orators of an international class developed all the themes relative to the constitution of the proposed United States of Europe at a recent inter-Club meeting held in LILLE, FRANCE. M. van Zeeland, former President of the Council of Ministers of Belgium, gave the main talk of the day.

Bad weather was no obstacle, for 3,600 persons attended the international forums sponsored recently by the Rotary Club of SEDALLA, Mo., before a "flags of all nations" setting.

ORLAND, CALIF., Rotarians used money which would ordinarily have purchased extra treats for local youngsters last Easter to buy candy to be sent to the Rotary Club of WOODFORD, ENGLAND, and distributed among the children of its community.

A recent regular meeting of the Rotary Club of BASLE, SWITZERLAND, was truly international, as visitors were present from these Clubs: ATHENS, GREECE; RONNE, DENMARK; DAMASCUS, SYRIA; MANTUA, ITALY; LILLE, FRANCE; and nine from neighboring Swiss Clubs.

#### A Fly in the Appointment

CROCKETT, TEX., Rotarians wanted to have Past District Governor Robert Earl Jackson, of DENTON, TEX., address their recent ladies' night banquet, but a previous engagement for the following day would mean too much mileage—200 miles each way. Undaunted, the CROCKETT Program Committee told its woes to a Rotarian who flies a four-passenger plane. You've already guessed it. All schedules were kept, and everyone had a grand time.

#### Serious Topics Top Laughs in Appeal

Although many service and civic groups prefer a light program after a meal and as a break in a busy day of business problems, members of the Rotary Club of WHEELING, W. VA., find their program appetites differ. A recent survey disclosed that the Club has the best turnout when a serious program is offered.

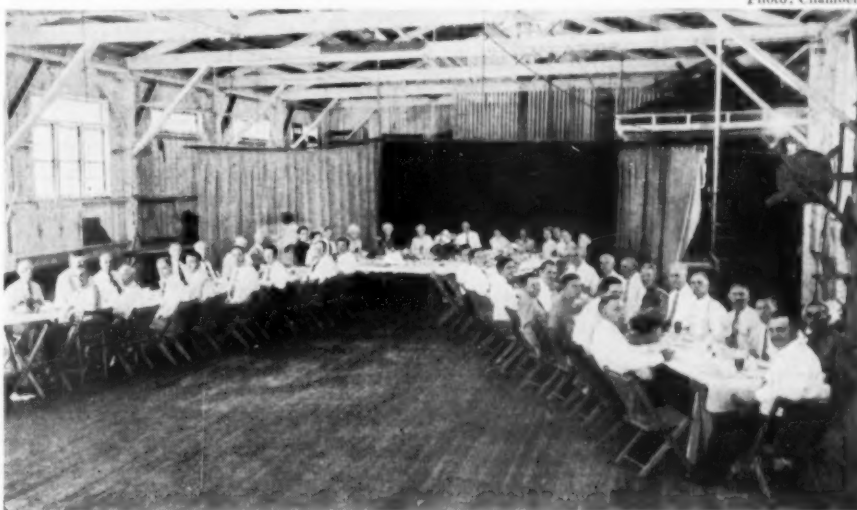
#### Many Ways . . . to Work with Youth

Rotary Clubs around the world have found various ways of working with the youth of their communities. LANSFORD, PA., Rotarians, for instance, have established a better



These lanky basketball stars, members of the "Phillips 66" team of Bartlesville, Okla., winners of seven National A.A.U. championships, will carry the good wishes of the Bartlesville Rotary Club to various Clubs in Europe this Summer. Five of them will compete in the Olympics as members of the United States basketball squad.

Photo: Chambers

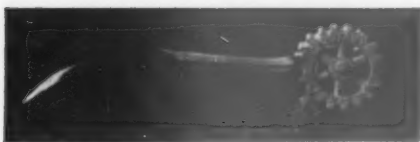


Flowers for the living! That's the idea behind the recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Palatka, Fla., when Howell A. Davis, a charter member and Past President was fêted on his 75th birthday. A Palatka businessman for 56 years, he has served his community in a variety of capacities, including three terms as its Mayor.



G. J. McCarthy (right), 1947-48 President of the Shanghai, China, Rotary Club, and fellow Rotarians pose beside their mobile anti-trachoma clinic. The Club provides such treatment for many of the 2,100 youngsters living in Boys' Town, a settlement of former street urchins in an old jail which the Japanese used as a stable.





This reindeer-bone gavel is used at meetings of the 20-member Rotary Club of Rovaniemi, Finland. This Polar Circle city of 10,000 has been 70 percent restored, according to Paul T. Thorwall, a Past Vice-President of RI.



It was NEWS when the Buffalo, N. Y., Rotary Club recently "gave birth" to twin Clubs, in Blasdell and Cheektowaga, N. Y. Here Fred Phillips (center) introduces their Presidents, E. F. Moss (left), A. J. Oberkircher.



Ralph A. Bartholomew holds his hat high in farewell as he prepares to leave Ketchikan, Alaska, as his Club's representative on a friendship cargo of food and supplies which was sent to aid needy persons living in Europe.



The 75-foot S.S.S. Nansemond saw submarine patrol duty during World War II. Today it is peacefully employed as the Sea Scout ship provided by the Rotary Club of Suffolk, Va., for 28 Scouts. They have skiffs, dinghies, and other boats, too.

understanding and appreciation of the social-security program of the United States through an essay contest which they sponsored in the five local high schools. The two winners in each school, along with their teachers, attended a recent Club meeting, when the top essays were read, and the principal speaker also discussed the subject.

Substantial and realistic aid is given to students in NORRISTOWN, PA., by the local Rotary Club, which annually sponsors a vocational conference day program. Representatives of 20 local industries attended the most recent session, offering advice concerning their respective fields.

#### Four More 25th Anniversaries

During the month of August four more Rotary Clubs will observe their silver anniversaries. Congratulations to them! They are EL DORADO, ILL.; NEWPORT, R. I.; DEQUEEN, ARK.; and HOMESTEAD, PA.

A huge birthday cake was the center of attraction at the recent silver-anniversary celebration of the Rotary Club of BURBANK, CALIF. It was provided by the wives of members.

When the Rotary Club of THOMPSONVILLE, CONN., recently observed its 20th anniversary, charter membership pins were presented to seven of its original members. Five still have an active status, two are now honorary members.

When the Rotary Club of MAQUOKETA, IOWA, was chartered ten years ago, the average age of its members was 50 years. Although six of the original 17 members are still on the roster, the Club average has dropped to 37 years.

#### 16 of 17 Scouts Now Are Eagles

When the Rotary Club of DOMINGUEZ AREA, CALIF., was but four months old, it had a record of which any Boy Scout-sponsoring Club could be justly proud. The Club's senior Scout unit was composed of 17 Scouts—16 of whom held the rank of Eagle. Besides providing financial help, the Rotarians attend Scout meetings, and plan to award a trophy to the outstanding Scout each year.

One way in which the Rotary Club

Photo: Moore

of SAN MARINO, CALIF., encourages the lads in its Scout troop is to invite all new Eagle Scouts to attend a Rotary meeting. Such invitations recently went to four Scouts who were in the Tenderfoot class only two years ago.

#### Los Banos Has First Stage Show

The first professional stage show in the history of LOS BANOS, CALIF., was recently held as a ladies' night affair sponsored by the Rotary Club of that community. The show, a currently popular play, was attended by members, their wives, and other guests. Instead of sponsoring the performance on a benefit basis, the Club paid the fees and distributed the tickets on a complimentary basis.

#### Welcome Mat Out at Grand Canyon

Like other Rotary Clubs in popular vacation areas, the GRAND CANYON, ARIZ., Club often finds at its meetings more visiting Rotarians than members. Maybe that is because it is the only Rotary Club located in a national park in the United States. Anyway, at a recent meeting the 60 visitors hailed from 16 States, the District of Columbia, and England and Belgium.

#### Ingenuity Plus Community Spirit

Rotary Clubs find uncounted ways of performing services for their communities. For example, the SOUTH BEND, IND., Club has installed new cast-aluminum road signs at nine principal highways leading into its city. The letters are luminous, and are easily read by motorists at night. . . . A township information directory, including a map, index of streets, and complete information about municipal offices, has been installed by the Rotary Club of UNION, N. J. . . . The Rotary Club of MERIDIAN, MISS., contributed half of the funds to provide a wading pool in the local playground of the Salvation Army, as a memorial to its 1947-48 Club President, the late Lee Caton.

#### Anyway, the Tots Were the Winners

For the first time in the 26-year history of the annual milk-fund ball game staged by the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs of EL PASO, TEX., one team was whitewashed. The Rotary "nine" was snowed under 5 to 0 in the most recent contest, part of which was staged in a 60-mile wind and sandstorm. Approximately \$1,200 was realized for milk-hungry babies of the community.

#### Virginia Beach Has Proposal

Acting on a suggestion set forth by a recent guest speaker, Rotarians of VIRGINIA BEACH, VA., are endeavoring to have a site in the wooded State park near there established as a Summer White House for the President of the United States. Members feel that it would provide the nation's Chief Executive with a beautiful and restful retreat.

#### No Slick Steps in Hickory

Drive down the streets of HICKORY, N. C., on a rainy weekday morning and you'll note evidence of the local

Rotary Club's interest in saving young lives: lads wearing special raincoats and hats while on safety-patrol duty. They are among the 67 patrol boys so outfitted by the Rotary Club. Rotary-provided belts and badges help complete the picture, which is reflecting favorably throughout the community.

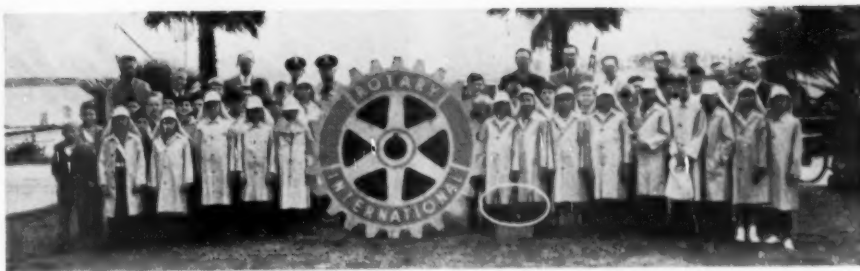
**So It's the Home of Service** Ceremonies which marked the laying of the cornerstone of the new Club building of the Rotary Club of HOLLYWOOD, FLA., indicate the important place the structure will play in the life of the community. Besides the trowelfuls of mortar that were wielded by Rotary dignitaries, there was one placed by the president of the local Kiwanis Club. Other civic and service groups will use the new Rotary building, as they have the outgrown structure it is replacing.

**'Why Does a Chicken ... ?'** Many a community has been bettered in more ways than one by a minstrel show. The folks have enjoyed an evening of laughs and the money raised has made improvement projects possible. In SELBYVILLE, DEL., for example, Rotarians put on a minstrel show to raise funds to purchase needed musical instruments for the high-school band. A sizable balance went into the Club treasury for future enterprises. ... A 100-person parade was a colorful stimulant for the recent second annual minstrel show staged by the Rotary Club of LYONS, KANS., when funds were raised for various youth projects, including a Summer recreation program and a teen-age party in the Rotary hall for youths of the city. The party was complete with dinner, games, stage entertainment, and dancing.

Cub Scouts sponsored by the Rotary Club of St. JAMES, MINN., recently staged a successful minstrel show, with some Rotary assistance. The Club quartette presented a between-acts number.

**26 More Clubs on the Roster** Congratulations are due 26 new Rotary Clubs (counting three readmitted) which have been added to the roster of Rotary International. They are (with sponsor Clubs in parentheses) Cantonment (Pensacola), Fla.; Greenport (Southold), N. Y.; Moriarty (Estancia), N. Mex.; Rockford (Sparta), Mich.; Park Cities [Dallas] (Dallas), Tex.; Echuca (Bendigo), Australia; Harwich (Hyannis), Mass.

Millbridge (Bangor), Me.; East Point (Atlanta), Ga.; Schwyz, Switzerland; Ancona, Italy; Rye and Winchelsea, England; Pullman (Spokane), Wash.; Toulon-sur-Mer, France; Elkridge (Elliott City), Md.; Walnut (Princeton), Ill.; Ojal (Ventura and Santa Paula), Calif.; Wayzata (Minneapolis), Minn.; Dundas (Hamilton), Ont., Canada; Marion (Princeton), Ky.; Medan, Netherlands Indies (readmitted); Temora (Cootamundra), Australia; Goes, The Netherlands; Gap, France; Amoy, China (readmitted); Calais, France (readmitted).



Rainy weather can't hinder the work of the schoolboy traffic patrol in Daytona Beach, Fla.—not since the local Rotary Club provided these raincoats and hoods. Photo: Pottsville "Republican"



Rockets zoomed over the Rotary field at Schuylkill Haven, Pa., recently when these lads sent their models along a wire at speeds ranging up to over a mile a minute.



Even the losers won in this contest—heralded as a "mystery race" by the Rotary Club of Kenora, Ont., Canada. The kiddies' program also included a baby contest. Photo: Densla



Shine? That's what W. Edward Wiggins (left, seated), of Pascagoula, Miss., a Past District Governor, and Walter Jenkins, of Houston, Tex., are getting. Shine boys are Ocean Springs, Miss., Rotarians. Fees go to the Memphis Crippled Adult Hospital.



If you've ever tried reading in bed without using your hands, you can appreciate this reading table made by Albion, Mich., Rotarians (see item).



The prize in a recent attendance contest between the Rotary Clubs of Hope and Mission, B. C., Canada, was this loving cup—made of a can and funnel.

Photo: Patry-Carr



Fatherly advice from Richard E. Dodge (right), of Willimantic, Conn., a Past Governor, as he inducts his son, P. E. Dodge, in the West Haven, Conn., Club.



More than a ton of used clothing and food has been sent by Fairmont, Minn., Rotarians to needy Finnish families. Some 80 percent went to war widows with families.

# Scratchpaddings

WHAT ROTARIANS ARE DOING.

**ADVENTURE.** Few persons will remember their hospital stays as periods of pleasure. But the odds are heavy that HARRY LANG, a Detroit, Mich., Rotarian, will retain many pleasant memories as he recalls his long stay in a hospital in Albion, Mich., where a broken leg and two broken arms immobilized him for many long weeks. Albion Rotarians learned of his plight soon after his auto accident, and one member flashed movies on the ceiling to entertain him. Two Rotarians—MAXWELL G. HAMMER and KING G. CORNELL—made a handy reading table (see cut); and numerous other kindnesses were shown. On his birthday ROTARIAN LANG awakened to see huge greetings on the wall and to receive a shower of cards. One day a meeting of the Albion Rotary Club was telephoned directly to his bedside.

**Johnstown Powells.** One might say that there was a flood of Johnstown Powells in Rotary last year. Three Johnstowns had Rotary Clubs—cities in Colorado, Pennsylvania, and New York. The Presidents of two of those Clubs had the same name, although so far as is known, they are not related. GAYLORD C. POWELL headed the Johnstown Club in New York and SAMUEL F. POWELL was President of Pennsylvania's Johnstown Club.

**Author.** EDWIN B. MORAN, a Past President of the Rotary Clubs of Chicago, Ill., and New York, N. Y., has written a very readable book "to help salesmen": *The Credit Side of Selling* (The Dartnell Corporation, Chicago, Ill.). ROTARIAN MORAN is manager of the central division of the National Association of Credit Men.

**Community Service.** Rotarians of Madison, Wis., have a slightly different interpretation of the term "Community Service." Or they easily could, for the Madison city manager and four of the

city councilmen are Rotarians. HARRISON GARNER and HENRY E. REYNOLDS were elected as councilmen a year ago, when the council picked LEONARD G. HOWELL, a Rotarian of Port Huron, Mich., as manager. In the 1948 elections two more Rotarians were added to the council roster: RAY V. FESSENDEN and GEORGE HALL.

**Diet, Try It.** ERICK LUND, a massive member of the Rotary Club of Rapid City, So. Dak., has been taking considerable kidding from fellow members, as well as from customers in his restaurants. It all stems from the "popular reducing diet" and recommended "reducing" dinner items which his menus carry. LOUIS BESSEMER, a fellow Rotarian, has summed it up this way: "ERICK is very good-natured, despite all the kidding that he gets, but he must either make good by demonstrating the value of his dietary suggestions, or continue to take a lot of ribbing about the bulk-reducing vitamin-rich menu that has made Rapid City folks rather 'weight-conscious.'"

**Acadians.** An address which JOEL L. FLETCHER, president of Southwestern Louisiana Institute and a member of the Rotary Club of Lafayette, La., recently delivered to the Cambridge Historical Society has been published in pamphlet form. It commemorates the centennial of the writing of *Evangeline*, the epic poem by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW concerning the Acadian exiles who wandered from Nova Scotia to Louisiana nearly 200 years ago. Its title: *The Louisiana Acadians Today*.

**Honored.** HOWARD R. LEWIS, a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill., and division manager of a nation-wide hamburger chain, has been elected president of the Chicago Restaurant Association. . . . HAROLD WOLD, a retail grocer holding membership in the Rotary Club of South Gate, Calif., was recently chosen as the "Outstanding Young Man of the Year" of the Southeast area by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. . . . SAM B. HARBISON, a Graham, Tex., Rotarian, was given a Silver Beaver award at the recent annual meeting of the Longhorn Council, Boy Scouts of America, for his activities in the interest of Scouting. . . . HANS INHELDER, a Zurich, Switzerland, Rotarian, was recently fêted on his silver anniversary with Brown, Boveri, & Cie., manufacturers of electrical machinery. Beginning his service as a junior engineer, he is now director of a subsidiary corporation.

DR. MANUEL GALIGARCIA, of Havana, Cuba, a Past Director of Rotary International, was recently named president of the Government Board of the University Hospital of the University of



Havana. He has also been chosen president of the Cuban Society of Neurology and Psychiatry for 1948-49. . . . DR. EARL E. CONGDON, a member of the Rotary Club of Lapeer, Mich., is completing a term as president of the American College of Osteopathic Internists. . . . S. HEAP, a member of the Rotary Club of Rochdale, England, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts. . . . WALTER WAKELING, a member of the Rotary Club of Clapham, England, was recently named president of the Leather Merchants' Association. . . . ROTARIAN KAKALBHAI KOTHARI, of Ahmedabad, India, has been appointed secretary to the Indian Historical Committee.

Rotarians of Butler, N. J., recently presented the "Man of the Year" award for 1948 to one of their fellows, LEO LUST, in recognition of his active participation in the welfare of crippled children of their community. . . . MANUEL LEÓN ORTEGA, 1947-48 Governor of District 23 and a Past President of the Rotary Club of Mexico City, Mexico, was recently named president of the National Chamber of Commerce of Mexico City. A fellow Rotarian, ERNESTO IBARRA, is vice-president. . . . FRED L. MAYTAG, of Newton, Iowa, a member of the State Senate, was recently named "Jasper County's outstanding young man," an honor bestowed by the Newton Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters Gold Medal Award for outstanding public service in fire prevention during 1947 was recently won by the *Syracuse-Wawasee Journal*, published by J. BARTON COX, a member of the Rotary Club of Syracuse-Wawasee, Ind.

**Light on U. N.** WALTER F. WILLCOX, a charter member of the Rotary Club of Ithaca, N. Y., who now holds honorary status, is professor emeritus of statistics at Cornell University and American head of the International Statistics Congress. A keen student of the United Nations, he recently addressed his Club at length on the subject (for an excerpt see page 54). Copies of the address may be obtained for 25 cents from the Tompkins County Branch of the American Association of

the United Nations, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

**Tire Tale.** Two years ago, when the Rotary Club of Dayton, Ohio, sent packages of food to two Clubs in Czechoslovakia and one in Finland, there were numerous "thank you" letters received. HEIKKI H. HERLIN, of Helsinki, Finland, one of the recipients, stopped off in Dayton on his way to the 1947 Convention of Rotary International, to convey his personal thanks to ROTARIAN DOYLE R. PADDOCK, whose parcel he had received. During their conversation it developed that ROTARIAN HERLIN, who was to be Governor of District 69 in 1947-48, would not be able to visit his Clubs by car because he had no tires for his machine. By the time he reached the Convention, word caught up with him that he was to receive the needed tires. And when he arrived back in Finland, the tires were there—a gift of the manufacturer and the Dayton Rotary Club.

**Now for a Horse.** ROTARIAN J. T. ROE, of Rome, Ga., was presented with a new—and different—problem: to find a horse to fit the fine saddle (see cut) which his wife brought home from a recent intercity gathering of Rotarians in Augusta, Ga. Designed by ROTARIAN EARL VANCE, of Gainesville, Ga., and presented by his Club, the saddle is decorated with blue and gold Rotary emblems, along with an oak leaf and acorn design.

**Unanimous.** The 11 officers and directors of the Grove City, Pa., National Bank are members of the local Rotary Club. Among them is PAST DISTRICT GOVERNOR MORGAN BARNES, a director of the bank, who would like to know of any other bank with a similar record.

**Brotherhood.** THE ROTARIAN has received a certificate from the National Conference of Christians and Jews expressing its "deep appreciation for superior assistance in the promotion of American brotherhood."

**'Peanuts!'** The band played circus tunes and vendors hawked peanuts at

a recent meeting of the Rotary Club of Lansing, Mich., when tribute was paid to CHARLES H. DAVIS, a charter member. The circus atmosphere was in order because ROTARIAN DAVIS was once general manager of the Ringling Brothers'



Meet the champs, members of the barber-shop quartette of the Rotary Club of Canton, Mass. They "cleaned up" in competition at Stoughton, Mass.



Sidney O. Smith, 1948-49 Governor of District 165, congratulates Mrs. J. T. Roe upon winning this saddle (also see item). His predecessor, Charles F. Palmer, is at the left and James M. Hull, of Augusta, Ga., is at the right.



Charleston, S. C., Rotarians picked a winner—Miss Nancy Schroder. She defeated 13 others for an azalea-festival title. Here she poses with 1947-48 Club President Terrell A. Busby (left) and J. M. Culpepper, a Club Director.

Photo: Noordhoff



A pleasant surprise was in store for members of the Rotary Club of Amsterdam, The Netherlands, after this photo was taken. The contents of ten CARE parcels, sent by the Rotary Club of Tampa, Fla., were distributed to all.

Photo: Bellingham "Herald"



A goodwill message from Bellingham, Wash., to Katkasoumi, Finland, where Rotarians will distribute the clothing among the needy. Bellingham's 1947-48 President, George Graham (left), and others prepare to ship the parcels.



**Meet a Rotarian father-and-son pair!**  
H. D. Ruhm, Sr., of Columbia, Tenn.,  
and H. D. Ruhm, Jr., of Lewiston, Me.

circus. He was later the first secretary-manager of the Lansing Chamber of Commerce. In that capacity he is said to have been instrumental in promoting the first strip of concrete highway in the United States.

**Form.** Rotarians desiring to make a bequest to the Rotary Foundation may wish to use the following paragraph for inclusion in their wills:

I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the Rotary Foundation, an Eleemosynary Trust established by Rotary International whose principal office is now situated at 35 East Wacker Drive in the city of Chicago, county of Cook, State of Illinois, the sum of \$— to be applied to the general purposes of the Rotary Foundation in accordance with the Trust Agreement now promulgated, or any amendment or supplement thereto or modification thereof; and the receipt of the Treasurer of Rotary International or other proper officer shall be a sufficient discharge of said legacy.

The paragraph was prepared by RALPH W. PEACOCK, of Washington, Pa., a member of the 1947-48 Rotary Foundation Committee of Rotary International. The suggestion came from HAROLD C. KESSINGER, of Ridgewood, N. J., a Past District Governor.

**Marlin Master.** CHARLES H. CADWALLADER, of Lincoln, Nebr., a Past Director of Rotary International, recently spent a month vacationing in Hawaii. While he admits that he probably didn't take the Islands' honors for marlin fishing, he made a tidy record when he hauled in a 200-pound striped marlin, measuring 8 feet 4 inches. It took him an hour and 20 minutes to land the big fellow.

**Traveller.** EDWARD H. BRANCH is a man who travels. That's his business. He doesn't let a little thing like being on the road interfere with his Rotary,

however. During the first 14 months of his Rotary membership he attended meetings of 47 different Clubs—in six different Districts. Oh, yes: When he's home, he attends meetings of his own Club—in Huntsville, Ala.

**Colts Three.** This is a story about "The Three Colts." No, it's not intended for the pre-primer group. It's a true tale for Rotarians for it concerns a three-generation group of doctors (see cut), all of whom hold membership in



**J. E. Arnold, 1947-48 President of the Manhattan, Kans., Club, congratulates the youngest of the Colts (see item).**

the Manhattan, Kans., Rotary Club. DR. JAMES D. COLT, SR., has been a Rotarian since 1922. His son, DR. JAMES D. COLT, JR., who is 54 and 27 years his father's junior, has been a member since 1928. DR. JAMES D. COLT V, who is likewise 27 years younger than his father, joined the Club several months ago.

**Guy's Pupil.** WRAY P. WHITE, of Natick, Mass., Governor of Rotary's District 197 for 1948-49, pointed out the other day that he and GUY GUNDAKER, of Philadelphia, Pa., President of Rotary International in 1923-24, "went to school together." Guy was superintendent of schools when the White family moved to West Philadelphia 44 years ago. WRAY entered the eighth grade at the time.

**Monday Habit.** NEAL VAN SOOY, newspaper publisher in Santa Paula, Calif., has held membership in three Rotary Clubs—Azusa, Palo Alto, and Santa Paula—and all hold Monday-noon meetings. While he realizes that other Rotarians have probably held membership in more Clubs, ROTARIAN VAN SOOY won-

ders whether any have belonged to more "Monday noon" Rotary Clubs.

**Olympics Bound?** Rotarians who may be attending the Olympic games in England this Summer will find an added attraction—a Rotary House of Friendship adjacent to the Wembley Stadium, where the games will be held. It is being organized by Rotarians of District 13. H. E. NICKERSON, Secretary of the District International Service Committee, reports that visiting Rotarians can contact any of the Rotary Clubs of London through the District offices at 55 Welbeck St., London W. 1, England.

**Good Reason.** If Rotary Clubs in any part of the world sent holiday greetings to the Club of Charleroi, Belgium, and didn't receive an acknowledgment, there was a good reason. PIERRE MASSAUT, Club Secretary, has written to explain that the building in which the Rotary Club held its meetings was de-

Photo: Davis



**Rotary-sponsored glee-club concerts in Winchester, Mass., provided \$1,000 toward a local hospital building fund.**

stroyed by fire at Christmas time, and possibly some unanswered missives might have been destroyed too.

**Busy Bert.** Although writing doggerel is one of his hobbies, BERT H. SMYERS, a member of the Rotary Club of Pittsburgh, Pa., keeps more active physically than many men half his age. Last August, at age 75, he "caught" a game of soft ball at a Rotary picnic, played three sets of tennis, won a prize in a horseshoe-pitching contest, and won another prize in a waltz contest on the dance floor that evening. He is the only surviving member of the first football team (1889) of the University of Pittsburgh, which was then called the University of Western Pennsylvania. Many of his rhymes have a Rotary message. Here are the last verses of one he has called "Service above Self":

Then make your service nation-wide,  
Goodwill and friendship teaching  
Till in all nations they abide—  
These gospel truths we're preaching.  
We'll spread this gospel East and West,  
And nothing can e'er swerve us;  
For Service above Self's the test  
And THAT is Rot'ry Service.

**Broken Records.** One of the worst features of long illnesses suffered by LEO FERLET and J. WILLIAM CLARKE, members of the Rotary Clubs of El Paso, Tex., and New London, Conn., respectively, was, they said, that it snapped their perfect-attendance records. ROTARIAN FERLET's mark extended back more than 31 years and that of ROTARIAN



**A new style in basketball attire? Here are members of the bewhiskered "Rotary Rambling Recks," who competed some weeks ago in a between-halves free-throw contest with other service-club teams in Sheboygan, Wis. Despite the whiskers, they won!**

CLARK 28½ years. The latter was Club Secretary for over 26 years.

**Does It Again!** W. IRVING DAVIS, better known to his friends in the Rotary Club of Chester Pike, Pa., as "DAVEY," recently conducted his eighth annual one-man campaign in behalf of local Boy Scouts. He went over the top as usual when he collected \$381.50 from 110 individuals.

**Awards.** Eighteen members of the Rotary Club of Princeton, Ind., recently received Rotary lapel buttons for 100 percent attendance records during 1946-47. The presentations were made in the name of the late HOWARD SUMNER, a Past President of the Club, who was killed in a plane crash several months before. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. CLYDE SUMNER, who carried out his plan, were honor guests at the meeting, MRS. SUMNER making the presentations.

**All's Fair.** Three brothers, DAVIS L. FAIR, FRANK L. FAIR, and CLAUDE FAIR (see cut), cast their lot in the then small village of Louisville, Miss., about the time that the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill., was being organized. Today, 43 years later, their town has blossomed into a city of 6,000 and the brothers



*These brothers gave their community a new school (see item). Left to right: Frank L., Claude, and Davis L. Fair.*

are all successful businessmen and Rotarians (FRANK is a Past District Governor). Their five sons are also Rotarians. Recently a congested elementary department in the city school system was a serious civic problem. Everyone knew that a new building was needed, but no one knew where the money would come from. That was until the FAIR brothers got together and decided to give \$50,000 to build a new school for the three lower grades.

**'Kindness House.'** "Service above Self" is asserting itself around Red Creek, N. Y., where "The House That Kindness Built" has been made available for an aged woman and her daughter. Briefly, here is the story: WILLIAM HENRY, Secretary and a Past President of the local Rotary Club, purchased an old hotel which he intended to raze in order to build a home for himself on the site. An elderly woman and her daughter who were tenants were unable to find a place to live. ROTARIAN HENRY held up operations until they located a place in the country, three miles from the canning factory where the daughter worked. Her associates began a move to build them a house so that she could continue working. Land was given,

ROTARIAN HENRY donated lumber from the old hotel, citizens gave cash with which to buy other supplies, and cannery workers pitched in and built the house.

*THE SCRATCHPAD MAN has been digging deeper into his packet of notes, brought back from the recent Rotary Convention at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. But these items were too late for last month's deadline.*

**PanAmity.** Common comment in Rio is about the solicitude for passengers of the Pan American World Airways. Special representatives had been sent in advance to all points where Convention-bound Rotarians might stop between the States and Rio. Typical was JUAN P. KOOP, stationed in Belém, Brazil, just below the equator. "Just time for an orange juice," he told a coterie of Rio-rovers there one steaming afternoon. When they tried to pay, he shook his head, smiled, and spoke those sweetest of all words, "It's on the house!"

**Tug at Sea.** When MILES D. ZIMMERMAN put his forceps away in Pottsville, Pa., he hardly expected to mix dentistry with Rotary en route to Rio. But he did. A molar in the lower jaw of CHARLES M. DYER, of Hood River, Oreg., Assistant Secretary of Rotary International, began to act up while the *Nieuw Amsterdam* was on the high seas. MILES pulled it.

**Right Wrong.** After he had left for Rio, sons of ALAN C. HACKWORTHY back home in Madison, Wis., made a startling discovery. It was that their father had taken an extra pair of black shoes as planned, but both were for



*Rotary songbooks given by Monmouth, Ill., Rotarians will be taken to Assuit, Egypt, by Dr. Frank C. McClenahan.*

the right foot. The quick-thinking boys met the crisis by air-mailing two lefts to Rio.

**Error.** The "S. A." following names of many Rio firms means neither "sex appeal" nor "South America," as some Conventioners have been surprised to learn. It stands for "Society Anonymous" or, better, "Incorporated."

**Fortnighter.** "We've got to reorient our sense of distance," says HAMILL BATHGATE, a retired engineer of State College, Pa., and his "we" means everybody. "Think of it: in just two ordinary weeks I'll have attended the Convention — with substantial stopovers at

Belém and São Paulo, Brazil, and Buenos Aires, Argentina—and be back home telling all about it."

**Model.** "All countries should be like Brazil in that!" MARTIN E. LAUDENSLAGER, automobile distributor from Allentown, Pa., had just heard PRESIDENT DUTRA explain how Brazil renounced in her Constitution all wars for conquest. "It's a wonderful spirit," MARTIN went on, "and good sense. There's room in this world for all of us!"

**New Style.** The Ministry of Education Building, in which the House of Friendship is located, is setting a new style for Latin America, says ROBERTO ALVAREZ ESPINOSA, prominent Mexico City architect. The louvers or deflectors on the sunny side have great possibilities, he believes, and the open ground floor offers "a wonderful solution" for the parking problem.

**Felicitations.** The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies unanimously voted a resolution of gratification that Rotary International should have held its 39th Convention in Rio. The measure was introduced by MEMBER EPILOGO DE G. CAMPOS, Past District Governor from Belém.

**Happy Cruisers!** Rio Convention-goers aboard the Moore-McCormack crack liner *S. S. Uruguay* went on to Montevideo, Uruguay, and Buenos Aires, Argentina, before starting north. And all the way they had a grand time, according to two formally drawn-up resolutions. One declared that "The *Uruguay* is the most delightful ship afloat and that we are the most fortunate of cruisers," and liberally besprinkled CAPTAIN ALBERT S. SPAULDING and crew with metaphorical orchids for "food of excellent quality and variety, capably and courteously served." The other memorandum expressed appreciation for the Convention itself and the opportunity it brought to partake of the "unsurpassed hospitality" of "our good neighbors of South America" and for "their constantly evidenced friendliness. ROBERT SIBLEY, of Berkeley, Calif., chairmanned the resolutions committee.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



*The J. F. Brunners led the Alhambra, Calif., Rotary Club last year. Father was President and son was Secretary.*



# Opinion

PITHY BITS GLEANED FROM LETTERS, TALKS, AND ROTARY PUBLICATIONS.

## Rotary—A Way to Peace

STANLEY McLEOD, *Rotarian*

Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

Because it would seem that Rotary could contribute to leadership in the organization of those of kindred minds to a way of peace, I wrote the following poem:

### ROTARY—A WAY TO PEACE

We ponder on the alchemy of years  
With treasures garnered from the hearts  
of men,  
Rare gems of love which fellowship endears  
In golden friendship's everlasting span.

These blended in the crucible of time  
In priceless union glow with trust sublime.

The milestones of the Rotary to be  
In richer splendor, now should chart the  
way  
To fearless bond of world-wide harmony,  
Where mankind sanely turns from night  
to day.

Then shall inspired Rotary arise,  
In righteous challenge act, with peace the  
prize.

## 'U. N.—Strong School of Democracy'

WALTER F. WILLCOX, *Hon. Rotarian*

Professor Emeritus of Statistics

Cornell University

Ithaca, New York

The United Nations seems to me to be mainly, not a weak instrument of government, but a strong school of democracy, a school in which Soviet Russia, having had little prior experience of compromise, is the most disorderly and rebellious scholar. She has organized a minority gang, but apparently the members of the gang are tied to their leader only by fear, not knit together by the much stronger bond of loyalty. In this world school the majority in favor of reaching decisions by democratic processes of argument and compromise is growing, and, as a result, the present balance of power is shifting slowly toward modern methods. If that shift continues, the opposition gang may not dare to provoke a war in which the balance is swinging against them.—From a Rotary Club address.

## Needed: Common Ideals

ALEXANDER GUERRY, *Rotarian*

Educator

Chattanooga, Tennessee

It seems to me that Rotary should cling more than ever to its concept of a world-wide organization and to its purpose of establishing peace through mutual understanding, a common friendliness, and a common ideal.

But it also seems to me that Rotary must understand that even though 99 percent of the people of the world desire peace, one percent can lead, even two or three men can lead, the nations to war.

We need the common understanding, the common ideals, the feel of a brotherhood of nations and the brother-

hood of man. That's the foundation of things.

But Rotary must give its thought and direct its attention to certain accomplishments that will prevent war and aggression, to the decisions that are made that result in armed conflict or in peace. We Rotarians know that the fellowship of Rotary and, for that matter, the fellowship of the church of God have not been able to stop aggression and war.

As Rotarians, therefore, we must support those policies, those steps, those agencies, which can bring about that international accord which is so desired and so necessary. We must study international problems and our relation to international problems that we may use our influence constructively toward good and necessary ends.—From an address before the Rotary Club of Fayetteville, Tennessee.

## What Service Is

ROBERT H. McCASLIN, *Rotarian*

Clergyman

Orlando, Florida

Service is the battle cry of the better civilization that would redeem the earth from selfishness and competition and isolation. It is the most potential, the most dynamic, the most powerful word in all the language. In it is the gathered glory of heroes and martyrs, the hopes and dreams of the daring hearts of the race. It is a matchless old word, spelling out in human action the length and breadth of divine purpose and human

endeavor. It gives strength to the weak, and pays in riches beyond gold all who speed its noble cause.

Service stands against the tyranny of selfishness, the despotism of greed, the hatred and rivalry of competition, and the cold, hard, and uncaring judgment of the world. It is the expression of the better faith of man's truer self. It is truer than we may realize that we profit most because we have learned the joy of service.

## 'Sonnet for Rotary'

JOSEPH E. POOLEY, *Rotarian*

Headmaster, Madison Academy

Madison, New Jersey

To close a candlelight service commemorating the 25th anniversary of the organization of the Rotary Club of Madison, I composed the following sonnet:

### SONNET FOR ROTARY

(1923-1948)

Our hours have turned to days, the days to  
years,  
The earth now five and twenty times has  
spun  
Around that glory which we call the sun.  
What have we done  
The while? Have we shown courage in this  
vale of tears,  
To help, to serve, to lift men from their  
fears?  
Or have we from the heat of battle run  
when justice, right, and honor overcome,  
Cried out for help; let calls fall on deaf  
ears?  
There is no doubt if we held in our grasp  
The simple teaching on our Rotary shield  
"He really profits most who serves the  
best";  
If we sincerely meant with each handclasp  
The warmth of brotherhood, and did we  
yield  
Ourselves to service, we then had passed  
the test.

## 'Much for Rotary to Do'

LAURUS LEHWALDER

Son of Rotarian

Butte, Montana

Rotary has done a very good job in furthering good fellowship around the world since it was first organized, but there is still much that it can do

## The Kiver-to-Kiver Klub

HAVE you read this issue of "The Rotarian" from the front cover to the back? If so, you should have little difficulty scoring 80 or more on these questions—at 10 points each. Try it, then check up on page 59.

1. In what year did the famous Indian chief Tecumseh hold a "pep talk" on the present site of Chatham, Ontario, Canada?

1846. 1831. 1813. 1765.

2. What does the lira buy in Italy today?

Bottle of olive oil.  
Two loaves of bread.  
A slice of bread.

3. Whom does Robert J. C. Stead pay tribute to?

His distant relatives.  
Those who serve humanity.  
Members of the bar.

4. Which of these rivers has Otis Marston not tackled?

Niobrara. Snake.  
Colorado. Salmon.

5. What part of a fishing expedition befalls Marion Ryan Minard?

She gets to row the boat.  
She gets to clean the fish.  
She catches the fish.

6. "Peeps at Things to Come" pictures a camera. What is it used for?

Improve one's diction.  
Measure density of humidity.  
Measure for tailor-made suits.

7. What percentage of Tennessee is still wooded?

64.8. 14.9. 48.6. 52.8.

8. What hobby does The Hobbyhorse Groom describe?

Stamps. Horses.  
Coins. Antiques.

9. What does Homer Croy say about the jokes that Grandpa laughed at?

They are as old as the hills.  
Still good for a laugh.

10. What does Harold F. Strong say is often at fault when a lad goes bad?

Early training. Diet.  
Lack of sleep. Neighbors.

In the future. Rotary International has frontiers not yet surveyed, much less developed. Many students are beginning to recognize the influence Rotary has in international relations. In this postwar world, there is much too much propaganda being circulated which veils the true conditions around the world. It is up to Rotary to do its part to help shed light upon these conditions and to help bring international understanding in these days when it is so badly needed. As Wendell L. Willkie once said, it is one world, and in these days of atomic bombs, rockets, and high-speed, long-range airplanes, we should realize this and do our part to keep the peace through understanding. As Chiang Kai-shek said, "The winds are the same around the world and they blow together."—*From a Rotary Club address.*

#### Some Questions That Need Answers

E. J. MORRIS, *Rotarian*  
Proprietor, Triangle Book Co-op  
Ithaca, New York

In peace, we Americans squander our substance in riotous living while others starve, we produce less and demand more, and strike when we should work. Like Nero, we fiddle away our time while the rest of the world burns. Then the hopes of the world in peace fade away.

Why are we unwilling to pay the price of peace? What is there in our national make-up that causes us to be glorious in war and inglorious in peace? Why has our moral progress not kept pace with our physical progress? It is the answers to these questions that determine whether or not we shall be the moral leaders of the world.

#### Fellowship a Privilege

CLYDE D. MERCHANT, *Rotarian*  
Insurance Underwriter  
Wenatchee, Washington

I have made it a fixed rule of my life to meet with my Club every week unless prevented by sickness or absence from home. I have chosen this rule because I believe it is one of the great privileges of my life to be permitted to meet with 100 of the leading business and professional men of this city each week in an atmosphere of good fellowship, and to spend an hour or more in their companionship. To me our meetings are an inspiration, and afford me a pleasure, as well as a profit, I cannot afford to miss. When I am forced to miss a meeting, I always feel that I have lost something that is of real value and worth to me—something that I cannot regain or replace anywhere else in my everyday life.

#### In Honest Transactions, All Win

FRANK G. SMITH, *Hon. Rotarian*  
Clergyman  
Omaha, Nebraska

I am sure that all of us realize that Vocational Service is really the manner in which we reveal to the world through our vocations the high principles, the fundamental things, for which this great world-wide organization [Rotary] stands. . . . The rela-

## Foundation Fund Passes \$1,275,000

Late in June the \$1,275,000 mark was surpassed as contributions of 140 additional Rotary Clubs were added to the Paul Harris Memorial Fund of the Rotary Foundation. The total number of Clubs that had contributed \$10 or more per member had reached 1,340 at that time. The latest contributors (with numbers in parentheses indicating membership):

### AUSTRALIA

Manly (47).

### CANADA

Kingsway (Vancouver), B. C. (25); Aylmer, Que. (19); Port Hope, Ont. (40); Nanaimo, B. C. (52).

### CHILE

Peñaflor (21); Coquimbo (30).

### COLOMBIA

Medellin (37).

### GUATEMALA

Tiquisate (15).

### MEXICO

Tampico (64); Monterrey (76); Mérida (58).

### NEW ZEALAND

Dannevirke (44).

### UNITED STATES

Brewton, Ala. (51); Fort Morgan, Colo. (47); Alexandria, La. (86); Stamford, Tex. (72); Vinita, Okla. (37); Monongahela, Pa. (42); Malone, N. Y. (63); Frostburg, Md. (47); Franklin, N. H. (45); Freeport, N. Y. (41); Manteno, Ill. (23); Portageville, Mo. (28); Peekskill, N. Y. (68); La Porte, Ind. (37); Ithaca, N. Y. (235); Piqua, Ohio (72); Coatesville, Pa. (72); De Kalb, Ill. (40); University City, Mo. (42); Kingfisher, Okla. (44); Plattsburg, N. Y. (50); Bowling Green, Ohio (57); Providence, R. I. (206). Webb City, Mo. (41); Lake Charles, La. (76); Heber Springs, Ark. (26); Dewitt, Ark. (40); Prescott, Ark. (37); South Hills (Pittsburgh), Pa. (38); Huntington Station, N. Y. (26); Ringling, Okla. (11); Borger, Tex. (69); Blanchester, Ohio (27); Selma, Ala. (63); Sioux City, Iowa (207); Greenville, Miss. (79); Baldwin, Kans. (48); St. Charles, Mo. (47); Jefferson City, Mo. (74);

Hutchinson, Kans. (121); Kingsville, Tex. (61); Sharon, Pa. (86); Granite City, Ill. (77); Sharon Springs, Kans. (20).

Newark, Ohio (90); Anacortes, Wash. (43); Scottsdale, Pa. (40); Enid, Okla. (114); Melbourne, Fla. (29); Olympia, Wash. (87); San Jose, Calif. (185); Patchogue, N. Y. (57); Petoskey, Mich. (53); Grant City, Mo. (32); Danville, Va. (78); Winchester, Va. (83); Caliente, Nev. (23); Port Jefferson, N. Y. (52); Randolph - Holbrook, Mass. (38); Pawtucket, R. I. (81); Braintree, Mass. (55); New Bedford, Mass. (76); Carthage, N. Y. (59); Poplar Bluff, Mo. (26); Bristol, Pa. (36).

Albion, Ind. (24); Ensley, Ala. (38); Quinwood, W. Va. (16); Sequim, Wash. (29); Tuscaloosa, Ala. (76); Brigham City, Utah (43); Sea Isle City, N. J. (28); Columbiana, Ohio (55); Salem, Mass. (89); Waurika, Okla. (32); Myerstown, Pa. (34); Niles, Ohio (40); Franklin, Pa. (42); Winona, Minn. (46); Rushville, Ill. (39); Salina, Kans. (71); Kenova, W. Va. (23); Holley, N. Y. (26); Lancaster, N. H. (33); Monessen, Pa. (47); Madison, Ill. (33); Glen Park (Gary), Ind. (34); Martinez, Calif. (44).

Nebraska City, Nebr. (69); Lyons, Kans. (40); The Tarrytowns, N. Y. (43); Sarasota, Fla. (65); Conroe, Tex. (47); Norristown, Pa. (81); Aliceville, Ala. (28); Hanover, N. H. (57); South Gate, Calif. (68); Catalina (Tucson), Ariz. (24); Oskaloosa, Iowa (65); Sudan, Tex. (24); Blytheville, Ark. (50); Thomasville, N. C. (57); Duncan, Okla. (48).

Montgomery, W. Va. (47); Kenilworth, N. J. (19); South Amboy, N. J. (35); Castle Shannon, Pa. (32); Alma, Kans. (22); Garnett, Kans. (46); Washington, Iowa (55); Marquette, Mich. (100); Warrensburg, Mo. (25); Imlay City, Mich. (36); Clay Center, Kans. (54); De Quincy, La. (27); White Plains, N. Y. (84); Norfolk, Nebr. (45); Grand Rapids, Mich. (262); Waynesboro, Pa. (76); Longview, Wash. (55); Monticello, Ill. (43); Williamstown, Mass. (24); Springfield, Mass. (258); Elizabethville, Pa. (26); Spring City-Royersford, Pa. (37); Hartshorne, Okla. (20).

### URUGUAY

Montevideo (141).

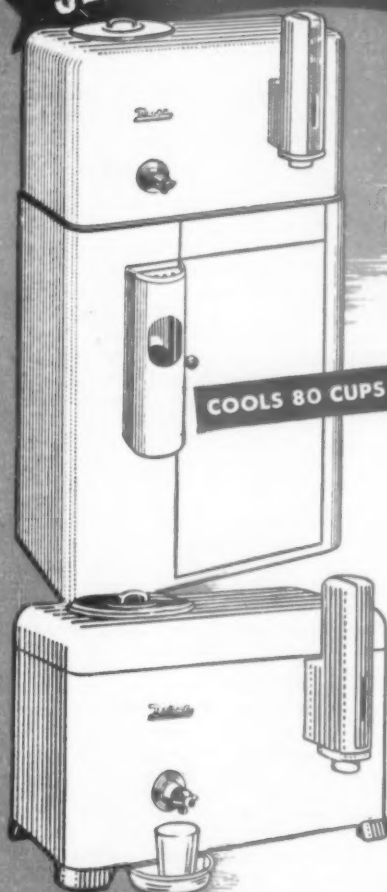
tionships of life, the contracts of life, are very complex and involve some important and interesting questions. All this had its origin in barter and exchange. In those early days, in the dawn of civilization, when some individual had more skins of animals than he had need for and another had more food than necessary to feed himself and his dependents, they exchanged for their mutual benefit and pleasure. By and by a token was introduced as a medium of exchange, a measure of value. In barter and exchange both parties to the contract got the best of the bargain. Because I had some-

thing I could well spare that you needed and you had something you could well spare that I needed, we both had the best of the transaction.

That fundamental principle has never been abrogated, even in the midst of our complex life today. Both parties to every bargain should still get the best of the bargain, by serving each other. When either party, by sharp practice or by craft, gets the best of the bargain in an unfair or an unjust way, he is either engaged in a legitimate vocation illegitimately or he is engaged in an illegitimate vocation.

All economics, all commerce, all in-

**SENSATIONAL NEW CONVENIENCE!**



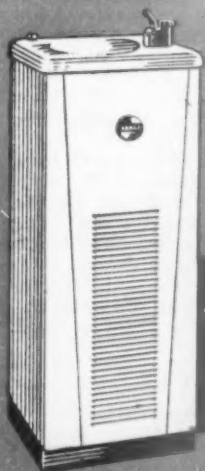
# NORGE

## PORTABLE WATER COOLER

**COOLS 80 CUPS OF WATER EVERY HOUR**

### ELECTRIC WATER BOY

Norge Rollator refrigeration chills water to constant temperature. Costs just a few pennies a day. Portable—no plumbing—just plug in any electric outlet. 5-quart built-in reservoir—use with or without water bottle. Smartly styled, sturdy steel construction. Includes cup dispenser and drip pan. Matching cabinet (extra) provides for convenient disposal of used cups and waste water. Ideal for offices, lobbies, reception rooms, stores, filling stations, etc.



### NORGE PRESSURE TYPE WATER COOLER

Modern, streamlined, with cabinet of heavy gauge steel, finished in golden-tan. Norge Rollator refrigeration. Base is recessed for toe-room. Sanitary top is beautiful, light-tan porcelain. Easily cleaned. No-splash top. Used in factories, buildings and restaurants everywhere.

**COOLS  
10 GALLONS  
OF WATER  
EVERY  
HOUR**

Great engineering and huge facilities are the natural outgrowth of Norge's long years of refrigeration pioneering. Whatever your water cooling requirements, your Norge dealer can help you. Remember: "The Best Dealers in Town Sell Norge!" a Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corp., Detroit 26. In Canada: Addison Industries, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



dustry, are based on the principle that both parties should get the best of the bargain — that is, they ought to be served better than they would be without that exchange.—From a Rotary Club address.

#### 'A Club Visited, a New Friend Made'

JAMES A. FRANKLIN, Rotarian  
Lawyer  
Fort Myers, Florida

The opportunity to know more men better is Rotary's finest gift to its members. When, by nonattendance, you miss this opportunity in your own Club, remember that Rotary offers this opportunity in Clubs other than your own, and you can, by visiting other Rotary Clubs, greatly enlarge your friendship circle. Therefore, since a Rotary Club visited is a new friend made and man's most cherished possessions are his friends, let's increase our wealth of friendship possessions by frequently visiting other Rotary Clubs.

#### Italy Begins Again

[Continued from page 21]

a great calm has now settled over the nation—and let us hope that it continues. However, in some places, in the Communist strongholds of the North, it is inevitable that there should be some energetic reactions.

Look into our national Cabinet and you will see there Guido Corbellini, Past President of the Florence Rotary Club. Look into our Parliament and among its 560 members you will see numerous Rotarians of various political faiths—Christian Democrats, Monarchists, Republicans, Socialists. The Mayor of my city, a Socialist, is a good member of the Milan Club. His attendance record is excellent.

All of which brings me to Rotary and the part it is playing in fusing the diverse elements of my country.

The last you heard of Rotary in Italy before war swept the world was that the 34 Clubs had disbanded. That was on December 31, 1938. Perhaps you wondered, some of you, what lay behind that move. We loved Rotary in Italy. It had sprung up here in 1923 with a Club in Milan. We had excellent meetings, promoted student scholarships, published two District magazines, had our great national Conferences. Our relations with the Government were good while Mussolini was a peaceful leader seeking glory in constructive work.

Later, when he put on the mantle of the warrior, our relations worsened. We were for peace, he for violence. We were for reason, he for obedience. Soon we found our Clubs the only organizations in Italy freely discussing all questions. Other bodies were silent. Rotary was disbanded in Germany in 1937, but Mussolini did not dare go that far. However, in the Summer of



1938 the Government suddenly issued his legislation against the Jews. Police orders supplemented it. All associations were requested to cancel Jews from their rolls. Rotary refused to take any action. Soon the press began a campaign against Rotary and a little after we were privately told that we should either abide by the policy of the Government or disband.

In a dramatic conference in Rome on November 11, 1938, we choose the latter course.

WHAT did we Rotarians of Italy do during the war? Stayed with our jobs and families most of us; trying to do our best in the position where life had put us. But I can name scores of Rotarian factory managers who, when their German masters demanded more and more production, somehow never seemed to have the right material. Letters to hand showed that it was still in the warehouse. Letters at the warehouse showed that it was still in the freight yard, etc. And I can tell you a story of another Rotarian typical of the many who had to fly Italy in the later months of 1943. One day in the Spring of that year this countryman of mine seized his pen and wrote a letter to the King.

"I appeal to Your Majesty," wrote my friend—though these are not his exact words—"to retake in your hands the powers you gave to the Duce. Let us return to our senses. Let us halt this horrible insanity."

Back in due time came the royal reply. The King could do nothing on the plea of one Italian Senator. If there were more Senators of like mind. . . .

Around Italy went my friend, and off to the palace soon went a petition bearing the signatures of 101 Italian Senators. "Let's check this madness somehow," was the gist of the plea.

The largest seaborne invasion ever undertaken was at that moment, gaining ground on our Sicilian shores.

Somehow Il Duce intercepted the petition and learned of its origin. When after September 8 of that year he was reinstated in power, orders were given to arrest that Senator. My friend, knowing that he had been discovered, slipped into hiding for two months, then fled into Switzerland, where he lived out the rest of the war. He is now back in Italy, where he has written a little book *My Exile in the Land of William Tell*.

Do you remember Guido Carlo Visconti? He was the man. He was Governor of our Rotary District from 1935 through 1937. It is true, as I said earlier in this article, that one of the first questions businessmen of Sicily asked General Patton after invasion smoke had cleared away was: "Is it all right to start our Rotary Clubs again?" General Patton said, "Go ahead!" but

Rotary leaders wisely cautioned slower action. It fell on me to calm the eager spirits of these former Rotarians of Southern Italy, and, at length, in 1946 I appeared before Rotary's Board in Chicago. The Board listened to me very kindly and gave the reestablishment of Rotary in Italy what you call "the go ahead." It was just the moral tonic we in Italy needed. We had been through an impossible situation. We had been fighting, as I said of Pietro Colombo, against our friends and beside our enemies. We had seen our cities destroyed by those very friends in their effort to deliver Europe from the German grip.

What a happy crowd of men it was I convened at Pallanza in the Autumn of 1946. They represented almost all the former Clubs—28 out of the 34. We laid plans for our renaissance and shortly after, one by one, the old Clubs sprang to life again. In each city a little organizing committee composed of three trusted old Rotarians and two new ones would study the city, comb the old roster, suggest new names.

Today 29 Clubs are back in the Rotary orbit, with more than 1,400 members and more are coming. We published again our monthly magazine *Rotary*. We have our problems, yes. Luncheon costs about 40 times more than it did before the war, which works a hardship on, say, the poor professor (whose salary has gone up eight times while the cost of living has gone up 40 times). Yet we want and need such men in our Clubs. We do not want

Rotary to become the privilege of the wealthy.

And we have our achievements, the greatest of these at present being the fact that we bring together the leading men of our cities. New men are coming to the front. The men of liberation felt they were contaminating themselves by sitting down with men of the old leading class. The latter deemed the former usurpers. Now through our Clubs we have brought the best men of the old generation and the new together. It is good for Italy. It is almost the only place in Italy where it happens. It strengthens the democratic tradition of our country.

Rotary is getting better and better known in Italy, and public opinion follows with interest and appreciation its efforts for the cause of international friendship and understanding.

When the Rotary Club of Rome was inaugurated on February 24 last, Signor De Gasperi attended with Count Sforza and half a dozen other Ministers, and in his address he said he was sharing our ideals and fighting for this same cause. The Mayor gave Rotary an enthusiastic welcome in the Eternal City.

So we are back in Rotary—and overjoyed. We know that you know it.

Hundreds of packages from all parts of the Rotary world have come to us. How welcome they have been! But just as much as your material help we need your friendship and understanding. We know we can count on it. With this Rotary in Italy and Italy herself cannot help winning through.

**INCREDIBLE INVENTION No. 8.** Would you like to help the good professor solve a club problem? Then write your suggestions (one at a time) to him in care of this maga-

zine. If your idea is used, you will receive \$5. (Should there be duplication, the first suggestion received gets the money.) This month the prize goes to Warren Kahle, of De Kalb, Ill.



Waiter (A) opens door (B), causing string (C) to lower bone (D) in front of dog (E). Dog strains to get bone, thus releasing jack-in-box (F). This frightens nearsighted bird (G), which thinks it's landing on a near-by flagpole. Actually, bird grabs bulb (H) of atomizer (I), squirting perfume on foul-smelling pipe.

## Odd Shots

Can you match these photos for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. If used, the "odd shot" will bring you \$3. But remember—it must be different!



J. Denton Robinson, of Darlington, England, submitted this photo of the heavily antlered house on the Berriedale estate of the Duke of Portland.



This "teepee" tree was planted in Bridgewater, Mass., in 1830. The photo was taken by Mrs. J. W. Pond, wife of a Boston, Mass., Rotarian.



The center of this blooming cactus bears a resemblance to the Rotary wheel. The photo was submitted by E. A. Neale, of St. Pancras, England.

## International Declaration on Human Rights

[Continued from page 11]

and obligations and of any criminal charge against him, everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal.

### Article 9

1. Everyone charged with a penal offense has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has all the guarantees necessary for his defense.

2. No one shall be held guilty of any offense on account of any act or omission which did not constitute an offense, under national or international law, at the time when it was committed.

### Article 10

No one shall be subjected to unreasonable interference with his privacy, family, home, correspondence, or reputation.

### Article 11

1. Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each State.

2. Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own.

### Article 12

1. Everyone has the right to seek and be granted, in other countries, asylum from persecution.

2. Prosecutions genuinely arising from nonpolitical crimes or from acts contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations do not constitute persecution.

### Article 13

No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his nationality or denied the right to change his nationality.

### Article 14

1. Men and women of full age have the right to marry and to found a family and are entitled to equal rights as to marriage.

2. Marriage shall be entered into only with the full consent of both intending spouses.

3. The family is the natural and fundamental group unit of society and is entitled to protection.

### Article 15

1. Everyone has the right to own property alone as well as in association with others.

2. No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property.

### Article 16

Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience, and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship, and observance.

### Article 17

Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive, and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

### Article 18

Everyone has the right to freedom of assembly and association.

### Article 19

1. Everyone has the right to take part in the government of his country, directly or through his freely chosen representatives.

2. Everyone has the right of access to public employment in his country.

3. Everyone has the right to a government which conforms to the will of the people.

### Article 20

Everyone, as a member of society, has the right to social security and is entitled to the realization, through national effort and international cooperation, and in accordance with the organization and resources of each State, of the economic, social, and cultural rights set out below.

### Article 21

1. Everyone has the right to work, to just and favorable conditions of work and pay and to protection against unemployment.

2. Everyone has the right to equal pay for equal work.

## Prayer in Time of Peace

Men will work ceaselessly for what they want;  
Let them make sure, then, which they long for, Peace  
Or War. For, like a jade, bold War will flaunt  
Her glories in their eyes and give surcease  
Of passion in her arms. Her false caprice  
Tempt's foolish men to struggle through the mire  
To gain her praise, while deep beneath a fleece  
Of gold, she hides from them a shroud of fire.  
O, God, let men make Peace their one desire!

HELENE GROSSENBACHER

3. Everyone is free to form and to join trade unions for the protection of his interests.

#### Article 22

1. Everyone has the right to a standard of living, including food, clothing, housing, and medical care, and to social services, adequate for the health and well-being of himself and his family and to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, old age, or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control.

2. Mother and child have the right to special care and assistance.

#### Article 23

1. Everyone has the right to education. Elementary and fundamental education shall be free and compulsory and there shall be equal access on the basis of merit to higher education.

2. Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality, to strengthening respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms and to combating the spirit of intolerance and hatred against other nations and against racial and religious groups everywhere.

#### Article 24

Everyone has the right to rest and leisure.

#### Article 25

Everyone has the right to participate in the cultural life of the community, to enjoy the arts, and to share in scientific advancement.

#### Article 26

Everyone is entitled to a good social and international order in which the rights and freedoms set out in this Declaration can be fully realized.

#### Article 27

1. Everyone has duties to the community which enables him freely to develop his personality.

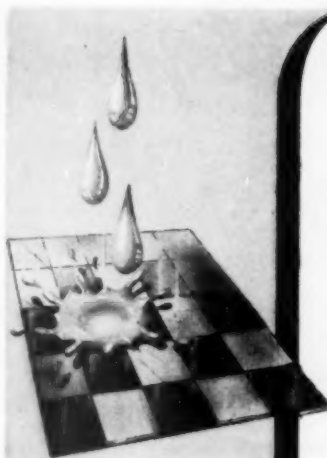
2. In the exercise of his rights, everyone shall be subject only to such limitations as are necessary to secure due recognition and respect for the rights of others and the requirements of morality, of public order, and of general welfare in a democratic society.

#### Article 28

Nothing in this Declaration shall imply the recognition of the right of any State or person to engage in any activity aimed at the destruction of any of the rights and freedoms prescribed herein.

#### Answers to Klub Quiz, Page 52

1. 1813 (page 24).
2. A slice of bread (page 17).
3. Those who serve humanity (page 14).
4. Niobrara (page 22).
5. She gets to row the boat (page 28).
6. Measure for tailor-made suits (page 43).
7. 48.6 (page 44).
8. Horses (page 60).
9. Still good for a laugh (page 12).
10. Early training (page 34).



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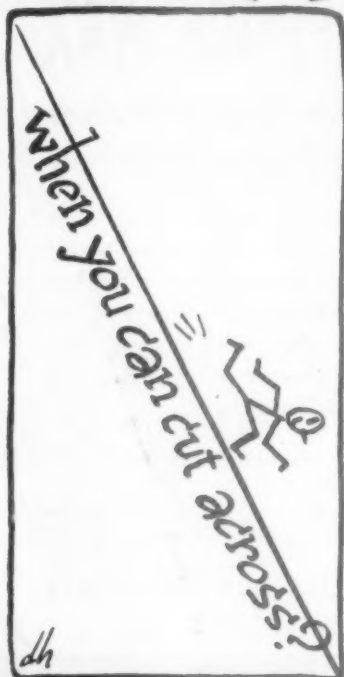
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## Hobby Hitching Post

ALTHOUGH George Herbert, the English poet (1593-1632), didn't say: "For the want of a horse a hobby is lost," there are many people who would be lost hobbywise if it were not for their horses.

ONE OF these is DR. EVERETT W. PAUL, a dental surgeon holding membership in the Rotary Club of Osceola, Iowa. Horses have been his hobby for 50 years—ever since the day he was given a motherless colt to care for as a 10-year-old farm lad.

"I raised that colt on a bottle, nursing her along and training her," he recalls. "She grew into a fine five-gaited mare, and I rode her until I was ready to start to high school." He then sold it to help defray his schooling expenses.

The love of horse flesh which that colt developed in DR. PAUL has never ceased to grow. Today he has approximately 50 horses, including 25 registered saddle mares, six registered Palomino stallions, and a number of colts. He operates a Palomino farm outside of Osceola and a stable in town.

The doctor is perhaps proudest of Paul's Palomino Peavine, a 5-year-old stallion which has been publicized in the horsey magazines as "the most golden Palomino in the country." Last year the horse was shown in competition about 35 times, and it came home with "an oat bagful" of ribbons, including the grand championship of the Council Bluffs Frontier Days show and the Waterloo National Stallion show.

"Palominos," DR. PAUL explains, "are a color of horse, and not a breed. The color is produced in colts by breeding a Palomino with another breed.

"And," he adds, "if you breed Palominos with Palominos, the color may fade away almost to a white."

Horses are a mutual hobby for the PAULS. The doctor's wife, who is also his dental assistant, has a love for the animals which is as pronounced as that of her husband's. In fact, she has brought home more blue ribbons riding the PAUL horses than her husband has.

A fancy sterling-silver mounted Western saddle made especially for Paul's Palomino Peavine has a place of honor



Rotarian Bradshaw poses with Prince.



Dr. Paul poses with six of his Palomino stallions. Peavine Peacock and Paul's Palomino Peavine are at left.

on a standard in the PAULS' den when "off duty." It looks very much in place amid an assortment of trophies, ribbons, and awards.

But don't ask DR. PAUL what it cost. That, he says, he has never told his wife. He will admit, though, that the bridle cost him \$650.

What would you do if someone gave you a dapper red colt and you had no place in your garage for it, or no immediate prospect of riding it?

CLAUDE A. BRADSHAW, an insurance-company district manager and member of the Rotary Club of Stillwater, Oklahoma, faced that problem several months ago. He solved it by making the colt his hobby.

But not as you might think! He gave it to a local orphanage. There "Prince" has been living ever since, with ROTARIAN BRADSHAW paying for his keep—five years in advance.

"I sent him there early so that the children could watch him grow, and feel that they had raised him," the happy hobbyist explained to a friend, MARGUERETTE LOWE, who reported these facts. "No hobby could be more satisfying than mine—for it is making children happy."

ALLEN F. BREWER, JR., a member of the Rotary Club of Lexington, Kentucky, and the Thoroughbred Club of America, spent part of his youth in Texas, where he displayed an early interest in horses—as painting subjects.

Once, while making a thorough study of the anatomy of a horse, he dissected one and made over 1,000 sketches.

With an art-school education and a stretch in the Army Air Force behind him, ROTARIAN BREWER has immortalized some of the top-ranking thoroughbreds in America with his pencil and brush—including Man O' War (see cut), Phalanx, Armed, Stymie, Assault, and Whirlaway—and has had many other commissions throughout the country.

It has been said that the dream of all real horsemen the world over is to ride a powerful and beautiful Arabian stallion on the high plains of Arabia.

While JAMES E. DRAFER, a Richmond, California, Rotarian, has never realized that dream exactly, he has ridden great



Rotarian Brewer used five old photos to show Man O' War as a 3-year-old.



Rotarian Draper is shown on one of his favorite stallions, \*Ras-El-Ayn.

Arabian stallions in the course of his travels, and became so enamored of the breed that he imported four mares and a stallion from Spain 14 years ago. He now has more than 20 purebred mares and stallions on his Jedel Ranch, located 21 miles northeast of San Francisco.

Perhaps best known of the DRAPER stallions is \*Ras-El-Ayn (the asterisk means "imported"). One year it was ridden at the head of the famous Tournament of Roses parade in Pasadena, and on another occasion it was the mount of the grand marshal in the equestrian pageant at the East-West football game in San Francisco.

"Yes," ROTARIAN DRAPER declares, "raising purebred Arabians is real work—but to work is to live."

Among the legions of Rotarians who are horse hobbyists are included the names of DONALD A. ADAMS, of New Haven, Connecticut, a Past President of Rotary International, and TULLY C. KNOLES, of Stockton, California, a Past District Governor.

A "fan" since he was 10, ROTARIAN ADAMS now rides a couple of times a week—weather permitting. On Sundays he and MRS. ADAMS often take a ride in their rubber-tired carriage—much to the amusement of the neighbors and motorists. Once a few years ago ROTARIAN ADAMS and his daughter rode the trails of Vermont for a week. "Believe it or not," he says, "you can get lost in Vermont!"

ROTARIAN KNOLES has been riding for nearly 70 years and at last reports had two horses, a Sabina Pinto and an American saddle-bred horse. The former has a special claim to fame, in that it is a brother of the white horse which Emperor Hirohito of Japan used to ride when reviewing the troops.

W. A. ASKEW, founder of the Rotary Club of Amarillo, Texas, doesn't ride horses anymore, but they are indirectly connected with his hobby. He collects the names and addresses of former XIT cowhands—fellows who worked on the famous XIT Ranch in western Texas from 1885 to 1912.

There were seven divisions of the 3-million-acre ranch which was traded to Farwell Brothers of Chicago to construct the State Capitol Building in

Austin, and ROTARIAN ASKEW recalls he saw service on four of them: Rita Blanca, Middle Water, Bravo, and Escabardo. As for livestock, the ranch probably had 150,000 head of cattle and 8,000 to 10,000 head of horses.

Each year ROTARIAN ASKEW gets a group of the old cowhands together to swap stories of their experiences with stampedes, swimming herds across swollen streams on the way to Montana, cutting fences in cold weather to let the herds drift, etc.

ROTARIAN ASKEW knew the rigors of life on the famous ranch, where he pulled bog, helped with the roundups, cattle branding, windmilling, freighting, prairie-fire fighting, wolf hunting, and general ranch work. He quit the ranch in 1904, and never expects to punch another cow as long as he lives.

Although his Rotary classification is "city loans," he is in the insurance, real estate, and loan business. And at the age of 57 he was licensed to practice law in all the courts of Texas.

### What's Your Hobby?

If you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family, THE GROOM will list your name below. Just drop him a line.

**Wax Cylinder Records:** W. H. Brooks (would like to exchange or purchase wax cylinder records, 1897 and earlier), 520 LaBelle Ave., Oconomowoc, Wis., U.S.A.

**Painting Contracting:** George H. Wilson (would like to correspond with U.S.A. Rotarians with same Rotary classification—that is, painting contracting), 49 Ransom St., Farnsworth, England.

**Genealogy:** Mrs. C. M. Dudd (wife of Rotarian—desires information about Locatus Selden of New York State, thought to be son of John Selden and Rhoda Green; believed born in 1788, married to Amaretta Calkins, and died in 1879), 514 East St., Three Rivers, Mich., U.S.A.

**Pen Pals:** These persons have reported "pen pals" as their hobby interests:

Isabelita Ruperto (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to write to young people of her age living outside of The Philippines who are interested in music, stamps, postcards, and Nature), Bais Central Negros Oriental, The Philippines.

David Larking (17-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people of his age; interested in tennis, racing, soccer football, stamp collecting), "Riverview," Castlereagh Rd., Penrith, Australia.

Shella Westbury (daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys or girls aged 18 living outside U.S.A.; interested in sports, camping, Scouting, travel, science), 1015 College Ave., Iowa Falls, Iowa, U.S.A.

Arni Thorvaldsson (22-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes pen friends interested in playing bridge and chess and collecting books and puzzles on the subjects), Merkurata 9, Hafnarfjörður, Iceland.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

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# Stripped Gears

## My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to *Stripped Gears*, *THE ROTARIAN* Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois. The following favorite comes from W. H. Force, a member of the Madison, New Jersey, Rotary Club.

To increase his small income a farmer made corn brooms during the Winter. One prospective customer, a merchant, offered to buy a quantity if the farmer would take half his payment in cash and the other half in merchandise at cost. The farmer accepted the offer. The storekeeper counted out the cash and asked the farmer to select merchandise for the other half of his payment, to which the farmer replied:

"I'll take the other half in brooms. I know just what they cost you."

### Loose Talk

Saying everything comes to him who waits,  
Is going a little too far,  
As the mastermind who said it will find,  
In case he has ordered a car.

—A. T. SPRING

### Ages of Man

Can you solve the following "ages"? The answer to Number 1, for example, might well be "cottage."

1. Rich folks usually dwell elsewhere \_\_\_\_\_age.
2. Watched in auto travelling \_\_\_\_\_age.
3. The housewife d i s c a r d s it \_\_\_\_\_age.
4. It may involve a field of corn \_\_\_\_\_age.
5. A b r a n c h of English society \_\_\_\_\_age.
6. Required when writing to friends \_\_\_\_\_age.
7. Boats often require it \_\_\_\_\_age.
8. Used for deception \_\_\_\_\_age.
9. A nurse may apply it \_\_\_\_\_age.
10. Some people reach it \_\_\_\_\_age.

This puzzle was submitted by Alvin E. Evans, a member of the Rotary Club of Lexington, Kentucky.

### Eater-Outer

If you can identify more than half of the following dishes, you are an experienced eater-outer. Following the numbered dishes appears a paragraph descriptive of them. Can you connect numbers and letters?

1. A l a king. 2: Au jus. 3. Brochette.
4. Cafe au lait. 5. Canape. 6. Compote.
7. Creole. 8. Croutons. 9. En casserole.

10. Glace. 11. Hors d'oeuvres. 12. Jardiniere. 13. Parfait. 14. Printaniere. 15. Puree. 16. Ragout. 17. Risssole. 18. Saute. 19. Timbale. 20. Tutti-frutti.

(a) Small pieces of toast spread with foods. (b) Savory foods served as appetizers. (c) Frozen or glazed. (d) A meat stew highly seasoned. (e) Baked or served in an individual dish. (f) A mixture of fruits. (g) Meat broiled on a skewer. (h) Served with fresh vegetables. (i) Thick strained soups, vegetables, or fruits. (j) Served in a cream sauce containing mushrooms, green peppers, and pimentos. (k) Fried in a small amount of fat. (l) Served in its natural juice or gravy. (m) Browned. (n) Molded foods set in custards. (o) Fruit stewed in sirup. (p) Ice cream served with sirup and whipped cream. (q) Coffee served with hot milk. (r) Mixture of garden vegetables. (s) Prepared with tomatoes, green peppers, and onions. (t) Small pieces of toasted bread, served in soups.

This puzzle was contributed by Sol Katz, of New York, New York.

The answers to these puzzles will be found on the following page.

### Sheepishly

Once I had a flock of sheep  
To count when I was wooing sleep,  
But now my livestock is once more  
Just one fat wolf outside my door  
Who licks his jowls  
And howls.

—GILEAN DOUGLAS

## Twice Told Tales

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare.

### Logical Lad

Mother: "Oh, Johnny, you've got a black eye, and your clothes are a sight! How often have I told you not to play with that naughty Jones boy?"

Johnny: "Do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"—*Rotary Cogs*, TEMPERANCE, MICHIGAN.

### Wrong Question

A salesman taking his bride South on their honeymoon visited a hotel where they boasted of their fine honey.

"Sambo," he asked the waiter, "where is my honey?"

"Ah don't know, boss," replied Sambo, eying the lady cautiously. "She don't work here no mo'."—*Rotary Bulletin*, LITTLETON, COLORADO.

### Merciless

He had choked her. She was dead: there was no doubt about it. He had listened to her dying gasp. Now, she was cold—cold as the hands of death.



Yet in his anger he was not convinced. Furiously he kicked her. To his amazement she gasped, sputtered, and then began to hum softly.

"Just a little patience is all it takes, John," remarked his wife from the back seat.—*Gossip Sheet*, St. CATHARINES, ONTARIO, CANADA.

### Surer Than Shootin'

Smithers was preparing to take a solo jaunt up into the mountains when Jake, the grizzled old camp guide, stopped him to check up on his supplies.

"You gotta map and a compass?" asked Jake.

"Certainly," replied Smithers.

"Have you got a deck of playing cards?"

"Why, no," rejoined Smithers. "What the heck do I need with a deck of cards?"

"It might save your life, son," old Jake replied. "I always carry a pack with me. If you get lost, son, just sit down and begin playing a game of solitaire. Next thing you know some fool will pop up behind you and begin telling you what to do next."—*Rotary Forward*, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

### Fast Thinker

Hubby went out with the boys one night and before he realized it the morning of the next day had dawned. He hesitated to call home and tell his wife. Finally he hit upon an idea. He

phoned his wife and, when she answered, he shouted:

"I'm back! Don't pay the ransom!"—*The Throttle*, SEARON, PENNSYLVANIA.

### No Wonder!

Customer at garage: "I've been watching that mechanic for fully 15 minutes, and there's a man who knows his business! He didn't spill a drop of oil, he put the hood down gently, fastened it securely, left no fingerprints on the car. He wiped his hands before opening the door, spread clean cloth on the upholstery, meshed the gears noiselessly, and drove away carefully."

Bystander: "Yeah, that's his own car." — *Rotary in Atlanta*, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

### Thoughtful

He (at the movies): "Can you see all right?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Is there a draft on you?"

She: "No."

He: "Seat comfortable?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Mind changing places?"—*Odds 'n' Ends*, CARNEGIE, OKLAHOMA.

### Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

16-4. 17-11. 18-K. 19-N. 20-F.  
7-8. 8-1. 9-G. 10-C. 11-B. 12-F. 13-D. 14-H. 15-L.  
FATER-OUTTER: 1-J. 2-L. 3-E. 4-Q. 5-A. 6-O.  
Handage. 10. Dotage.  
Postage. 7. Lighterage. 8. Camouflage. 9. B.  
3. Garbage. 4. Acreage. 5. Peetage. 6. G.  
AGES OF MAN: 1. Cottage. 2. Mileage.

## Limerick Corner

Once in a while a real reward-for-time-spent comes along. Such as this: If you will take a few minutes to write the first four lines of a limerick, and send them to The Fixer, in care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois, he will look them over carefully. Then if he selects your contribution as the limerick-contest entry of the month, he will send you \$5.

\* \* \*

Here is the unfinished-limerick contest entry for this month. It was written by R. B. Brown, of Appleton, Wisconsin. Sit down now and write out a last line for it—more than one if you wish—and send it, or them, to The Fixer. If yours is selected among the "ten best," you will receive \$2. The deadline for entries: October 1.

### HOT LOT

"The Summer's too hot," sighed a chap,  
"And we workingmen take all the rap;  
Our work lags a lot  
When the weather's so hot,

### SLUY GUY

Have you a Joe Kelley in your Club—or among your acquaintances? Joe's qualities were analyzed and reported in this corner in the May issue. In case they've slipped your mind, here they are again—in a four-line bobtailed limerick:

Joe Kelley's a right kind of guy,  
Who does his good deeds on the sluy.  
Try to hand him some praise  
And the roof he will raise,

To complete the verse, The Fixer selected the "ten best" last lines. Here they are:

'Tis the Irish in Joe, the dear buy!

(Mrs. J. S. Knouse,  
Sunbury, Pennsylvania.)

While his dear friends give out with a sigh.

(W. Edward Young, Secretary of the Rotary Club of South Orange, New Jersey.)

And trump up the best alibi.

(Mrs. George Sanberg, wife of a Rochester, Minnesota, Rotarian.)

And you'll feel as flat as a puy.

(Chris Beckley, member of the Rotary Club of Thornbury & Clarksburg, Ont., Canada.)

It's service not self he holds high.

(Mrs. Lindsey H. Simmons, wife of a Lewisburg, Tennessee, Rotarian.)

And bid you a defiant "good-bye!"

(Kenneth Pratt, Phelps, New York.)

"Making mountains of molehills," he'll cry.

(Mrs. G. A. Ruegg, wife of a Pueblo, Colorado, Rotarian.)

For Kelly's got something money won't buy.

(Mrs. A. C. Fraser, wife of a Sydney Mines, N. S., Canada, Rotarian.)

And send you up with it, sky high!

(Howard Chapman, member of the Rotary Club of Banbury, England.)

Says Joe, "Once a Boy Scout was I."

(Dolores M. Cooke, Camden, New Jersey.)

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# Last Page Comment

**FROM ICELANDIC SAGAS** comes a fable, relayed to us by District Governor Oskar Jon Thorlaksson, which has peculiar significance for Rotarians. . . . A man was in a dense wilderness. Coming to an open space he saw in the dusk the figure of an approaching monster. He was terrified—but as the monster came closer, he saw that it was his own brother. . . . Past District Governor "Ott" Klein, of New Jersey, has another way of saying the same thing: "A stranger is a friend you haven't met."

**HOW ROTARY FELLOWSHIP** is achieving ends sought but so disappointingly achieved by statecraft is evidenced every week by such crossroads Clubs as Singapore and Cairo and New York, where mingle men whose nations maintain delicate relations. Lord Mountbatten, the distinguished British leader, eloquently testified to this in a message sent to the Conference of District 91, held in Calcutta, India. Noting that he was a member of the Rotary Club in his home town in England, he commented:

The Rotary movement is nonpolitical and noncommunal; it is a brotherhood of service, transcending races and nationalities, and I am glad to hear that Rotarians from India, Pakistan, and Burma are assembled together on this occasion. The beneficial influence of such an organization is even more important in these times than ever before.

Apart, however, from that long-term talk of promoting friendship between all races and communities, Rotary in India has also done much good work, and its Clubs engage in many forms of Community Service. It is in work such as this that our motto "Service above Self" is exemplified.

**WHAT ARE HUMAN RIGHTS?** That the Commission on Human Rights found it difficult to answer that question will come as a surprise to many people who read Dr. Malik's article.

Most citizens of democratic countries would have assumed that it would be quite simple to set forth in writing the "inalienable rights" of human beings. Leo E. Golden, Director of Rotary In-

ternational, thought so—until he "observed" for Rotary several sessions of the Commission. He discovered that commonly accepted platitudes about human rights often were shattered on the reefs of conflicting economic and political ideologies.

**IT IS A MINOR MIRACLE**, therefore, that the Commission could finally come out with even "a draft declaration." The vote was 12 to 0, officially, but four countries led by the U.S.S.R. abstained from voting. Now the paper goes to the Economic and Social Council for a review before it is submitted to the General Assembly, which meets next month in Paris.

Already it is under fire, however, and the attacks come not only from the left but from the right. One metropolitan U.S.A. newspaper finds in it "a perfect reflection of the hypocrisy that pervades Lake Success." It asserts that the new Declaration falls far short of the U. S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights, for example, in definition of protection for a man on trial. Another large American newspaper is equally certain that the U. N. Commission has produced a document that will be a milestone for the nations as important as was the Magna Carta in the history of English liberties.

Discussion will go on. So that you, for yourself, may draw your own conclusions, we publish this document in full. Whether adequate or not, it marks an effort of the United Nations as an existing body to redeem a promise made to the people of the world by the men who drafted the Charter of San Francisco.

**CHARLES F. PALMER**, who was its Governor, touched off a small earthquake at the last Conference of District 165 in Augusta, Georgia. He did it with words, these in particular:

Last Fall in two civic classes of a north-central Georgia public school an editorial against vote selling was discussed and the teacher asked, "Of what importance do you think this is

to us as students in citizenship?" One 14-year-old young man could hardly wait to be recognized before he said, "Those folks have a good way to raise money." [The editorial mentioned family groups making as much as \$130 by selling their votes.]

The teacher inquired what he meant. He said, "By selling their votes they can make more money than by farming." Several students chimed in to support him. He was then asked: "What do you think we are doing when we sell our votes?" A young woman rose to make a very good statement in which she brought out that people who sold their votes sold their right to citizenship and violated the secret ballot as well as the free election. She also made the point that a poor man could not be an official, however good a person he was, if that were permitted. She was booed by the majority of the class.

The teacher then questioned, "How many of us think it is good practice for us to sell our votes?" All but six, three boys and three girls, in the first group of 32 students present voted in favor of selling their votes. When in the second class a similar discussion took place, and the vote was taken, all but four in a group of 25 students present voted to sell their votes, if they had the opportunity.

When I read this official report, a lump came into my throat, as I am sure one has come into yours. Are the foundations of democracy thus crumbling? You have heard the record.

District Governor Palmer's spear-headed suggestion was that every Club put "clean politics on its agenda. None will support candidates. Each will fight for clean elections." And the idea is catching on—backed by support of such influential newspapers as the *Atlanta Constitution*, which gave it strong editorial support, concluding:

The *Constitution* would like to see every Rotary Club in the State make clean politics its No. 1 project for the rest of the year. Yes, and every Kiwanis and Lions and Civitan and Optimist and Jaycee and every other civic club in Georgia. It's that important that we take the cheating and stealing out of politics.

**A LITTLE GIRL** from a city was spending her first Summer in the country, and was asked how she liked running about barefoot. "At first I could hardly walk," she said, "but the rocks got softer every day." The Fort Worth *Rotagraph*, reporting this, offers the pertinent comment that adults who work at hard tasks find much the same thing is true.

- your Editor

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